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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

IT has been our lot to adjudicate over a course of years in cases of drunkenness. We have heard many fine distinctions advanced as to the precise condition of persons who are charged, but Mr. Chester Jones is, so far as we know, the first to invent the offence "drunk in the police court sense." Drunkenness or sobriety rests entirely on the evidence produced. Not infrequently the evidence takes the form of a doctor's certificate. The practitioner judges from the perfume of the breath of the alleged culprit, from his ability to walk with undeviating steps along a straight line, and from the appearance of his eyes, whether they are suffused or whether they are not. No doubt when these evidences are before the court and are all present in the case under examination, it is clear that the defendant is drunk "in the police court sense." We are not aware that any medical evidence was offered in the case of the engine-driver Knox. If no medical certificate was produced we think that the learned magistrate should have been able, upon the evidence before him, to arrive at a conclusion whether in his opinion Knox was entitled to be

acquitted or must necessarily be convicted. Such a decision, we submit, would have been infinitely more satisfactory than the halting and hesitating judgment at which Mr. Chester Jones arrived. It is not fair to Knox to suggest that although he was drunk he was not so drunk that a conviction was justified. It is also not fair, we think, to the railway company to adopt a course which prevents them from taking disciplinary action against a servant who has clearly failed to convince a court and a special commissioner that he was virtuously sober. The interests of the travelling public undoubtedly demand that men who are entrusted with the safety of a large number of passengers should be habitually immaculately sober. Personally we enter a protest against being conveyed in trains of which the drivers can urge no more powerful plea than that they are not drunk "in the police court sense."

The Prix Goncourt was awarded last week to M. André Savignon for his book, "Filles de la Pluie," which was reviewed in THE ACADEMY on May 11 last. His most serious competitor was M. Benda, whose novel, "L'Ordination," received five of the votes of "The Ten" in the last ballot. The casting-vote of the President of the Académie Goncourt, M. Léon Hennique, was given to M. Savignon. The new *lauréat* lives in England, where he is studying life and language for literary purposes. As a journalist he has become well known by his contributions to many periodicals during the past ten years, but "Filles de la Pluie" was his first book. It deals, as our readers will remember, with the Isle of Ushant, and is a poignant study of the conditions and character of the women of that almost Adamless Eden.

The headline in the hands of an acute sub-editor is a wonderful phenomenon. We picked up a daily paper this week and found several articles which, judged by their titles, looked interesting. "Superstition Overthrown" seemed promising, and we settled to read of the breaking of historic and classic beliefs, to find that it was an account of the "Springboks," who had won a football match. "Downfall of the Lions" tempted us, but the "Lions," we discovered, were a celebrated football team. "Woolwich Arsenal Blown Up" thrilled us; what an explosion it must have been; but the first paragraph told us that "Tottenham Hotspur" had defeated "Woolwich Arsenal"—at football. "Why the Orient Failed" drew us on to explore the wisdom of the Occident; but no—the "Clapton Orient" had simply equalised against "Barnsley"—at football. "Birmingham Shivers"; was there an extraordinarily low temperature in the Midlands? Not at all; the article related to . . . but is there any need to go on? For two whole pages the clever sub-editor held sway, and we ranged forlornly among headlines of murder and distress in the endeavour to find some interesting news, thankful to know that not the whole of the paper was devoted to victories and disasters on the field of mud and local glory.

Autumn on the Downs

GREY fall the shadows on the Downs,
The birds no longer cry aloud;
The sheep-folds and the vacant fields
Draw mist around them like a shroud.

Death seems to lie upon the land;
Save in my heart, no thoughts remain
Of Spring's first magic flush of green,
Of wild-flowers after summer rain.

Yet in the sombre view there lives
A charm; and he may find who wills
High courage in the open sky
And peace among the folded hills.

A. G. W.

Soul

SOUL soars where science falters: she shall fare
From creed to creed. The wisest of the wise,
Her goal is far. Serene her fate—to rise
A phoenix from the flames of low despair.
Time's swift mutations in their passing wear
Life's murky reflex and the dust's disguise;
But she hath seen the vision, and her eyes
Are dazzled with the beam no man can bear.

Beyond the ultimate boundaries of the known
She breathes, and life's high arbitress shall be
Mid all the poignant flux of transiency,
Gleam through the flesh, and glimmer in the bone,
Haunting the world, till truth's white light be grown,
A prescience—pledged to immortality.

A Churchill! A Churchill!

THE Right Honourable Member for Dundee cannot complain of our heading this article with the ancient cry of the Scottish war-lords who were bent on extermination of every human obstacle which stood in the way of their designs. Mr. Churchill would, if he could, have annihilated the party which was responsible for the prominence which belonged to his immaturity, and there is every reason to believe that he would at least as cheerfully sacrifice the party to which he very reluctantly belongs, if any personal advantage would accrue from such a course.

The First Lord enjoys the perhaps unique distinction of having been a failure in every office which he has filled. It is not too much to say that he cut a ludicrous figure as President of the Board of Trade. As Home Secretary he has been bettered even by Mr. McKenna. On his advent to the Admiralty hopes were entertained, and appeared for a time to be partially justified, that the Right Honourable gentleman had at last secured a billet in which his action might be beneficial.

It would now appear that the first indications that

he was entering on a path of usefulness had no foundation in fact. His predecessor, a person of no importance, had been totally unable to withstand the fatal cheese-paring policy of the combination of men who pass as a Cabinet. The natural impulse, the unavoidable course of a man of Mr. Churchill's temperament, naturally was to adopt a diametrically opposite policy to that which had been pursued by his predecessor. Hence the new First Lord was hailed with acclamation as a strong navy-ite, and a man who at all costs would secure national safety against the known inclinations of the majority of his colleagues.

So far well; a Minister's innate contrariety wrought for the good of the Nation and the Empire. Soon, however, it became apparent that Mr. Churchill possesses a dual personality. It is unnecessary to refer to Stevenson's well-known work depicting a nature in which benevolent and malevolent ingredients were constantly at war. The Minister who succeeded to his present office in October, 1911, is now repudiated in many vital aspects by the Minister who at the moment occupies the same chair at the Admiralty. Plain speaking, and apparent veracity in 1911, have given place to obscurity and patent inveracity in 1912.

A Minister who has, it is now apparent, been promoted out of all proportion to his experience and gifts, has gradually become—by a process of elimination—dictator in the supreme region of national security. Never since the French Revolution have tumbrils been so frequently requisitioned to carry victims to the guillotine. Mr. Churchill has shown himself unable to assimilate advice from the most distinguished admirals of the day, either those whom he found at the Admiralty on his appointment, or those whom he subsequently appointed himself. The list is a long one: Sir A. K. Wilson, Sir Francis Bridgeman, Rear-Admiral Moore, Rear-Admiral Briggs, Captain Pakenham, and others. A veritable Bluebeard's chamber of horrors!

We shall never know with exactitude the reason for the decapitation of several of the Sea Lords whom we have mentioned; but unless we are much mistaken—which is scarcely possible, because we speak with accurate inner knowledge—the circumstances of the "dismissal with a royal declaration" of Sir Francis Bridgeman will be fully elucidated.

We say, with a full sense of responsibility, that the statements hitherto made by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons are devoid of truth. We know precisely what has occurred, and it is only out of deference to an August Personage that we do not print here and now the whole of the facts of the discreditable episode. When the truth emerges, as emerge it will, personal considerations will give place to the serious question whether a Minister, who is incapable for a week or so together of a steadfast and uniform line of conduct in connection with the administration of the most important branch of national security, is a man who can be safely trusted with destinies which call for very different attributes, both of character and conduct.

CECIL COWPER.

REVIEWS

Disraeli

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By WILLIAM FLAVELLE MONYPENNY. Volume II, 1837-1846, with portraits and illustrations. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

SECOND NOTICE.

By SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

I HAVE always thought Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone" one extreme of biography. Admirable as it is, beautifully as it is written, it is so closely packed with facts and quotations that inevitably it makes heavy reading. It is an etching. Winston Churchill's life of his father stands as the other extreme; it is a masterly sketch—brilliant, bright, and breezy—a crayon drawing. I admit the two subjects stand in two categories and demand different treatment, but that difference is very striking. As I ponder over this Life of Disraeli, I am more and more impressed with the painstaking skill with which the facts are marshalled. One is struck over and over again with the care that is taken to put everything in exact proportion, and the industry employed in verifying a date or name or the number in a division. It is a rash thing to say, but I am of opinion that, if the book has been sufficiently finished to proceed on the present high lines of excellence to the end, it will prove to be a better-balanced work than either of those just mentioned.

Chapter VIII is devoted to the events of 1844-5. Disraeli has been six years in Parliament. Here is a vivid sketch of his position at the time:—

He had shown qualities that would have won him influence and promotion as a Minister, and, if he had been taken into the Ministry in 1841, progress would have been easy. But an open and visible check, such as he had received, is more often than not fatal to a Parliamentary career, and in his case recovery was rendered more difficult by the dubious reputation which, taking its origin from his early political escapades and his affectations of dress and manner, still clung to him persistently.

But Disraeli believed in the wisdom contained in his own motto, adopted later on in his career, that "nothing is difficult to a brave man." He bided his time, and began by attacking Peel. It is made perfectly clear that Peel was no match for his antagonist in debate. It was a case of the swordfish and the whale over again; Peel was solemn, conscientious, and heavy in speech, while Disraeli was full of "subtle, speculative, and volatile brilliancy." He had to fight a party which included in its ranks men like Palmerston, Gladstone, Russell, Graham, Cobden, Bright, whilst on his own side it is not unfair to say he was the only man of first-class ability.

The fascinating story of how he succeeded after years of incessant conflict in overthrowing Peel is told

with spirit and without bias; indeed, what helps to make the book so human a document is the fact that Mr. Monypenny never goes out of his way to extenuate anything. He does not gloss over any of his hero's faults or mistakes.

In his preface Mr. Monypenny apologises for dealing at such length with the facts contained in these eventful years, but his judgment is sure. To do justice to the statesman's career, one must learn how he came to be the trusted leader of a party so *difficile* as the Tories then were. Here is an accurate and illuminating summing up of the position, viewed by the knowledge of present events:—

Peel was overthrown, but his policy prevailed. In its origin it was not suggestive either of foresight or circumspection, but the stars in their courses fought for it. The great development of steam and railways that was proceeding when it was adopted, and the gold discoveries in California and Australia that soon followed, led to a mighty growth of national prosperity, with which the new system from the first became identified in the public mind; and the period of almost continuous war that presently began, and lasted till the 'seventies, long concealed its chief weakness by postponing the injury to English agriculture which Disraeli and his friends predicted.

He speaks of a statesman of wider vision than Peel, who might have done all that Peel attempted by other means "than a precipitate and violent scheme":—

The repeal of the Corn Laws was the first decisive step in that policy of sacrificing the rural life of England to a one-sided and exaggerated industrial development which has done so much to change the English character and the English outlook, and which it may not impossibly be the business of subsequent generations to endeavour to retrace.

Disraeli, when he refused to be blinded by the fanaticism of free imports, did not pay any tribute to the fanaticism of protection. In Mr. Monypenny's opinion, if Peel had taken Disraeli for his guide, or continued on the lines he at first laid down, he might have been identified with a system of free trade, of which, after a lapse of two generations, the United Kingdom would not have been the solitary adherent among the nations of the world. He defends Disraeli from the common charge that, if Peel had taken him into his Government, he would never have turned against him, and allows the reader to judge for himself by a minute description of the sequence of events.

Disraeli consistently supported the Peel Government for two years after it came into power, and he only began systematic opposition when he saw that the Ministry were drifting away from the principles on which they had attained office. The author describes how hard and continuously Disraeli struck at Peel, but shows how, except in the Canning episode, he did not transgress the bounds of taste and judgment. He knew how to spare the fallen. From the moment he had succeeded in the great task of driving Peel from office he never uttered another offensive word against him.

With this account the volume ends. In early and mid-Victorian days it was the fashion for Dickens, Thackeray, and others to bring out their novels in monthly instalments. The story usually ended in an exciting part, where the words "To be continued in our next" appeared, and the reading public were left in a pleasing state of suspense. With similar feelings we await the next volume of this book. The third phase in Disraeli's career is about to begin; we look forward with interest to a description of his next Parliamentary duel with Gladstone, which, as Mr. Justin McCarthy says, "only knew a truce when, at the close of the session of 1876, Mr. Disraeli crossed the threshold of the House of Commons for the last time." The interest is heightened from a literary point of view because at the time of writing we know not who will be invited to assume the mantle of editorship. To wear it effectively, successfully, and worthily, it must be a strong man.

Recent Theology

Immortality and Life Eternal. By WILLIAM P. ROBERTSON, B.D. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

Our Future Existence. By FRED G. SHAW, F.G.S. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Great Initiates. By EDOUARD SCHURE. 2 Vols. (Rider and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

Life Understood from a Scientific and Religious Point of View. By F. L. Rawson. (The Crystal Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROBERTSON, who is Treasurer's Vicar of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, gives his work the sub-title, "A Study in the Christian Contribution to a Universal Hope." This explains the basis of his position, that belief in immortality is and has been almost universal, quite independently of Christian revelation, a fact which he deduces from an examination of comparative religion. Mr. Robertson refers to the research and opinions of many eminent men, adding various original thoughts of his own. In his volume of interesting essays, one of the best is the last chapter on Christ's victory over moral rather than over physical death. The real penalty of sin is moral death. The doctrine of the Resurrection is that life is continuous, though the fact of physical death remains as a necessity of our earthly condition. Even the Genesis story implies that man was created mortal, and the well-known opening of "Paradise Lost" is merely a false deduction.

The author of "Our Future Existence" has doubtless found in angling—as did Isaak Walton—much time for reflection. So, having some reputation as a past-master in the art of fishing, he now, like the Apostles, turns his attention to psychology, and with no little success.

His work may be shortly described as a rather prolix inquiry into the old philosophical problem of the identification of mind and soul, the question whether mind-consciousness survives or not. Mr. Shaw lays down this position:—

To render tenable the belief in a future conscious existence, the normal consciousness, the mind, must

be acknowledged as perishable, and therefore separate from its imperishable adjunct, the psychical consciousness, the soul.

This is at once a challenge to Haeckel and the monists, and also to the usual Christian attitude, that mind-consciousness is bound up with soul-consciousness. But the real difficulty lies in the problem: How far is the soul conscious independently of the mind-process? To what extent Mr. Shaw's speculations answer this question, we leave to his readers the determination, though we note that he is compelled to postulate a soul-memory totally independent of the brain. Mr. Shaw writes with a strong faith, with much vigour of expression, of thought and of criticism; and his book is well worth reading.

"The Great Initiates" is translated from the French by Mr. F. Rothwell. The work has appeared in various fragments, partly in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, during the last seven years. It is now given in homogeneous form. The author, who was born at Strasbourg, studied in Paris, and afterwards at Munich, where he became the friend of Richard Wagner, on whose drama and work he has also written.

This book is a most interesting examination of the esoteric teaching in the mysteries of religion. We can best give some notion of its scope by citing the subjects of which the writer treats: Rama, or the Aryan Cycle; Krishna, the Brahmanic Initiation; Homer, the Mysteries of Egypt; Moses, the Mission of Israel; Orpheus, the Mysteries of Dionysos; Pythagoras, and the Delphic Mysteries; Plato, the Mysteries of Eleusis; and, finally, the last great Initiate, Jesus. The author's contention is that, in addition to the exterior history of the dogmas and myths of religions as publicly taught, there is a common esoterism in the "profound science, the secret doctrine, the occult actions of the great initiates, prophets, or reformers, who established, maintained, or propagated these religions." A greater knowledge of esoteric teaching alone will show that Science and Religion are not irreconcilable and hostile forces, and also satisfy the widespread modern aspirations after spiritual life. Further, the author believes that "the transformation of Christianity in its esoteric sense would bring with it that of Judaism and Islam, as well as a regeneration of Brahmanism and Buddhism, and furnish a religious basis for the reconciliation of Asia and Europe." In short, his optimism, like that of many others, is based on his belief in the ultimate value of the study and knowledge of comparative religion.

"Life Understood" is a truly marvellous production—a sort of gigantic commonplace-book, with extracts from innumerable writers, running commentaries, and discursive dissertations and sermons by the author, well interspersed throughout with texts of Scripture. The range of topics is immense. Even a compressed analysis of the table of contents would occupy columns. The medley of subjects is an overwhelming farrago. Theology, Psychology, Physiology, Homœopathy, Philosophy, Theosophy, Ancient and Modern; Anglo-Israelism, Christian Science, Evolution, Sex Problems,

Inspiration, False Beliefs, Divination, Medicine, are but a few of the leading headings, while the subdivisions and side-issues, as given in the Table of Contents alone—not the Index—number no less than eight hundred.

With this wonderful compendium the publishers very kindly issue a review of their own—four pages foolscap—from which we take the following extract. It gives a better idea of this work than we could possibly attempt:—

Each reader is shown how he himself can at once put into practice, in some degree, the scientific and therefore infallible and instantaneous method of obtaining revolutionary results, ultimating in deliverance from every kind of difficulty, including sin, disease and death.

At the same time this unqualified praise exactly corresponds to our own feeling that now at last the world is presented with a Universal Guide or Handbook to the solution of all the mysteries and problems that have ever worried mankind. This exceedingly happy result may, perhaps, be traced to two dominant influences—Faith in Christian Science and the conviction that the English people are the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel. Mr. Rawson is a man of eminent ability in his own sphere, and also, as this book shows, of extensive general reading. Yet we cannot but recall the ancient maxim, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

1812: The German Allies of Napoleon

Die Deutschen in Russland, 1812. Leben und Leiden auf der Moskauer Heerfahrt. By PAUL HOLZHAUSEN. With Maps, Plans, and Facsimiles of Documents. (Morawe and Scheffelt, Berlin.)

"KÖRLEN hewwen de Franzosen mitnamen nah Russland, un hei's nich wedder kam"—that is all the news that the German miller in the play of Fritz Reuter can give of his son. These simple words serve Herr Holzhausen as a text for his wonderful book on the sufferings of the German contingent in the business of 1812. The anniversary of that fateful year is being celebrated in Russia with patriotic fervour and general rejoicings; in France its commemoration assumes a more chastened and reflective form—1812 is the cairn, made of the bones of heroes and the wreckage of armaments, raised at the highest point of the mountain of fame ever reached by mortal man. In the breast of the least military of Frenchmen pride and sorrow must hold divided sway when the magical words—Moscow, Tarutino, the Beresina are spoken. "Que l'on dise de nous, il étoit à cette bataille sous les murs de Moscou."

It is easy to forget that the Great Army was far from being a merely French force, but was made up of contingents from almost every European State. France contributed in fact only a quarter of the host, and of the remainder a very large proportion was supplied by German-speaking countries. It is with these Germans that Herr Holzhausen has to deal. They went out in

their hundreds of thousands, they came back in only tens of thousands. The vast majority of them perished in the campaign or during the first months of captivity, a considerable number finished their lives in the qualified freedom of a compulsory exile. A few accepted their expatriation, and, as physicians, soldiers, or industrials in a backward country, achieved a prosperity that in their own homes would probably have been beyond their reach.

The most astounding thing about the Moscow campaign is not the magnificence of the attempt, nor even the vastness of the failure. It is the extraordinary spirit that the name and presence of Napoleon breathed into the ranks of the allies, his victims of yesterday and his conquerors of to-morrow. It is an object-lesson in the illogicality of war, an awful warning to the calculator of political probabilities. A German count speaks of the universal "Vive l'Empereur!" that burst from an army, "three-quarters of which was drawn from nations with whose true interests the opening war was in the sharpest conflict." A Saxon lieutenant records the "unfeigned joy" that, "from the very first day's march, shone on every countenance; . . . each man thought only of the duty he would so soon have to perform, of the glory to be won for his regiment, and every other sentiment, even his patriotism—however warm that might be—was henceforth alien or silent."

The accumulated disasters of the campaign never once destroyed, in the greater part of the German contingents, this devotion to a supreme man and to an immediate duty. Suffering, defeat, and injustice failed to disturb their loyalty. In two instances only had Napoleon miscalculated: the Prussians on the left wing and the Austrians on the right were from the first resolved to do nothing for the cause beyond what was absolutely necessary to their duty as allies; the latter, indeed, probably did a good deal less than their stipulated duty, and certainly failed to cover the retreat at the most critical moment of all, but Herr Holzhausen is not specially concerned with the Austrians, and even they exerted themselves to save their friends, the Saxons. The Prussians fought with complete but grudging loyalty in the cause of their oppressor till the momentous day of Tauroggen. Even then there were many Prussian officers—not Yorck, whose "ausgesprochener Franzosenhass" admitted of no weakness or exception—who were moved to tears at the necessity of deserting the chivalrous Macdonald.

Herr Holzhausen repeats more than once that one of the greatest blunders of the campaign was "the placing of the least trustworthy allies on the extreme flanks." A mistake that also touched the Germans very nearly was the early squandering of the cavalry, in which Murat was the principal agent, for the Germanic States had contributed more than their just share to that arm. The corrupt administration of the French commissariat was another source of weakness to the whole army, as was also the short-sighted policy of wholesale devastation that prevailed. At the outset of the campaign the army was not ill-provided, but in the circumstance, excessive care was needed in the husbanding of re-

sources, and even in the initial stages Gouvion St. Cyr is forced to admit that "each day's march cost us more men and horses than a fierce battle."

The strategy of 1812 is only a secondary object of this book, but it is well and concisely indicated. To treat frankly a single aspect of a great subject is often the best way of treating the whole subject. The Germans were everywhere—except on the flanks Napoleon had deliberately dispersed them—and what happened to the Germans in particular happened in general to the whole army. And Germans have left notes of their experiences in every corner of the vast Aceldama. Those of Margrave William of Baden—one of the soberest and most veracious of chroniclers—have recently been discussed in *THE ACADEMY*. German authorities are certainly among the best for this campaign, but Herr Holzhausen seems to us rather too summary in his remarks on Russian mendacity and French exaggeration. In his purely military criticisms he is very just and impartial, giving the French as their undoubted due the first place in the roll of honour. For the Russian generals he has little praise; opportunities of annihilating their much-tried enemies were vouchsafed them over and over again. If nowhere else, they should have forced matters to a finish at the Beresina, especially as Napoleon had wilfully destroyed his pontoons. But Kutosov—the Fabius Cunctator of Russia—was the most cautious of a cautious race, and felt the prestige of his opponent almost as strongly as did his opponent's army. It is curious to note that the tragedy of the Beresina was principally due to a thaw that had, a few days before, been welcomed as a favour of heaven by the luckless dupes of the Russian climate.

All the horrors and all the heroisms are here. Among the latter perhaps the most remarkable is that of the French engineers at the Beresina, drowning or dying of cold in the icy water to make the bridges that should save their comrades. Of the horrors it is useless to speak; they were too many. Death and disease in every form, hunger, thirst, vermin, hospitals without medicine, doctors, or nurses, treacherous and barbarous conquerors—these were some of the ingredients in the cup that the Great Army drained to the dregs. Not only bodies, but also hearts and minds were frozen; mad universal hatred was sometimes the one surviving feeling. Herr Holzhausen instances a German trooper who kicked over a bucket from which his horse had drunk rather than give it to a German officer who begged for the water that was left in it. Cannibalism and murders for food were not unknown. The worst horrors of all were, according to Herr Holzhausen, to be found in the hospitals of Wilna, especially after the arrival of the Cossacks. To the cry of the prisoners after the end of everything the answer was that of a Russian governor: "Heaven is high, and the Czar is far, you French dogs!" The word of a German officer, spoken before Borodino, might have been echoed at almost any subsequent moment by any soldier of the Great Army: "Lieber ein Ende mit Schrecken als ein Schrecken ohne Ende."

Fifty Years of English Literature

A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830. By OLIVER ELTON. Two Vols. (Edward Arnold. 21s. net.)

PROBABLY no period in English literature was charged with such important consequences as that which Professor Elton has selected as the subject of these volumes. England was slowly awaking from an intellectual torpor which had benumbed the national imagination and frozen the national fancy for close upon fifty years. New ideals were in process of formation. The hard crust of classicism was giving way before the warmth of a humanitarian sentiment which was to find its ultimate expression—though in varying forms—in the poetry of Wordsworth and of Shelley. Collins had already sounded—however faintly—the trumpet of revolt, and the process of emancipation was carried a stage further by Cowper. Crabbe, "a Pope in worsted stockings," had opened up a new realm for poetry in the lives of humble people, and his successors, while they discarded his diction, were careful to retain much of his sentiment. Blake piped down the valleys wild to an unheeding generation. In Scotland an inspired ploughman was enriching the language of his country with the sweetest lyrics that it had ever known, while Sir Walter Scott brought back to English literature the breath of that older romance which had filled the Middle Ages with mystery and colour.

The French Revolution, which set thrones a-tottering throughout Europe, left its permanent impress alike upon English life and English literature. It was in vain for Edmund Burke, the last of the Whigs and the first of the Conservatives, to attempt to stem with his lofty and impassioned rhetoric the incoming tide of democracy. The world—or so men felt—was being recreated. Shelley appeared as the herald of a new dawn, and Byron—that Titanic figure—his head in the clouds and his feet planted firmly on the earth, flaunted through Europe "the pageant of his bleeding heart." The fight between the old classical tradition and that new spirit which has been so happily termed "the renaissance of wonder," raged fiercely for a space, flickered down, and died. The victory lay with the moderns.

To write the literary history of such a period is a task almost superhuman in its magnitude. It is not, indeed, the task of any one man, be he never so gifted. Professor Elton applies himself to a work at once more modest and more effective. "The book," he writes, "is really a review, a direct criticism, of everything I can find in the history of fifty years that speaks to me with any sound of human voice." As such it must be judged, and as such—if we mistake not—it will be held to be the most entirely satisfactory contribution to this vast and perennially interesting subject that has yet appeared.

Necessarily the personal equation plays a considerable part in these appreciations and criticisms. There are writers for whom Professor Elton professes a warm-hearted admiration, while others, of equal eminence,

leave him dispassionately critical. But his judgments are always sane and well-balanced. His enthusiasms stop short of idolatry, and he is capable of a condemnation that is wholly devoid of rancour. On every page, almost, we encounter the right thing rightly said. Occasionally the critic displays a depth of insight into his subject that is almost startling in its penetration. This—of Cowper—may serve as an example:—

Cowper had trembling, naked sensibilities, and reasoned his notions to the bitter end. He hated Rome; yet who cannot wish that he had been born in the old faith, and come into the hands of some humane, adroit confessor, such as Balzac paints, who might have "cleansed the stuff'd bosom" at the right moment, and led him back, by mingled suggestion and authority, to the paths of sanity, softening by nominal penances gently graded, or by the chance of purgatory at the worst, the more hideous of the patient's delusions? For Cowper, being not a sinner, but the very pattern of innocence, went through a struggle harder than any sinner's; a struggle with a possessing delusion. The real tragedy lies in his never suspecting it was a delusion.

Again, what reader of Jane Austen—what male reader, at least—but will be forced to agree with the following estimate?

She is the woman our enemy. We could only have the advantage of her by taking her off her own ground; and, artist and humorist as she is, she knows this, and never quits her ground. The contest is a drawn one. She abides; we acknowledge her, we do not quite like her, and we quit her—perhaps run away from her—not without relief, bidding to such cold voices a somewhat long farewell.

But one might go on quoting indefinitely.

It is impossible, indeed, to follow Professor Elton into the various ramifications of his enormous theme. The poets and the novelists, the political philosophers and the metaphysicians, the critics and the historians—each in turn is made the subject of a sympathetic and discriminating study. Equal justice is rendered to the elaborate eloquence of a De Quincey, and the sturdy common-sense of a Cobbett. Among the best studies in the two volumes is that of Hazlitt, who rightly claims a chapter to himself, while, in his remarks on the minor novelists of the period, Professor Elton shows a knowledge of early nineteenth century fiction which, of itself, is a remarkable contribution to English critical literature.

No student of modern English literature and poetry can afford to neglect these volumes. The work wanted doing, and Professor Elton has done it admirably. In all the nine hundred odd pages there is not a superfluous sentence. The author is entitled to our gratitude and our thanks.

Spiritual Intimates

Unseen Friends. By MRS. WILLIAM O'BRIEN. (Longmans, Green and Co. 6s. 6d. net.)

How often and how fervently have some of us longed to meet in the flesh those writers who have cheered, comforted, or inspired us! They have been the companions

of our spiritual pathway, and have sometimes assumed a reality that not even our visible friends possessed. We have known these unseen ones so much better; they have unveiled the sanctuary of their nature for us. The sense of the *intime* will more often be felt with such master-spirits than with the living personalities who so persistently hide their hearts from us. Many would desire no better heaven than such a high intellectual and spiritual fellowship. It is, therefore, a wholly delightful task that Mrs. O'Brien has set herself in this book. Her intention is sufficiently well expressed in the introduction:

As we usually have something worth saying as to the men and women we love best in the flesh, in the same way there may be some interest to dwell on the unseen friends whose qualities have helped to shape our character for good or ill.

From this it will be guessed that all these studies are personal rather than critical. We would not wish it otherwise; quite enough of a critical kind has already been written about some of the characters dealt with here. Thus it would be difficult to say anything new along these lines concerning such a writer as Charlotte Brontë. But Mrs. O'Brien's paper, full of very evident affection, and regarding the woman as of more importance than the works, is quite refreshing. When one has mentioned the names of Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Oliphant, and Jean Ingelow, one has exhausted those in the essayist's list who can be said to be really well-known people. Eugénie de Guérin is best known to most folk through Matthew Arnold's study, while Felicia Skene may be remembered by a few good people of the last century. The rest of the names in the contents-table will not call up many associations. Here, again, we commend Mrs. O'Brien, for she has not worshipped at the shrines of the mighty, but has followed the dictates of her own preferences, and given us essays about little known characters.

Our author is a Roman Catholic, and throughout this volume she has not tried to disguise that fact; in a book of personal preferences it would have been wrong to do so. Thus a good half of these studies is taken up in delineating for us the characters of women who became foundresses of religious orders, or Sisters of the poor. That kind of virtue which is at once pious and practical appeals very strongly to Mrs. O'Brien. Yet her Catholicism is of no narrow type, blinding her to the virtues of other creeds. Only once does she allow her love for her faith somewhat unduly to influence her, when, in writing of Christina Rossetti, she expresses the opinion: "It has often struck me that as a Roman Catholic she would have been a happier woman." The combination of intellect and piety is irresistible to her; she becomes reverentially affectionate before it. Mrs. O'Brien is an Irishwoman, and thus is usually happy in dealing with women of her own nationality.

The chief defects of the book are an occasional repetition, and an occasional, though rarer, looseness of diction; as, for instance, on page 94:—

Now the writer who can produce such an impression, by the mere power of truth, that writer is not

likely to sink into forgetfulness, and we need not wonder at the interest roused by Mr. Shorter's labour of love among all Brontë enthusiasts, to whom Charlotte Brontë has given some of the most profound impressions of their lives.

Those who wish to increase their circle of spiritual intimates will do well to read this book.

A Literary Henchman

William Hone: His Life and Times. By FREDERICK WM. HACKWOOD. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a class of personages, often of a not inconsiderable stature, who may be said to live in footnotes. In the course of literary work some reference to their doings or writings becomes necessary, when a note is added at the bottom of the page for the benefit of the uninitiated. For not all of us have explored the holes and corners of literary and general history; and if we have—well, human memory is an extremely fallible thing. Every now and then one of these folk is rescued from his footnote obscurity and given a full-length biography. William Hone may be said to belong to this class; for, in spite of the vogue of "The Every-Day Book" and "The Table Book" in a previous generation, those who are not students to-day generally look for the necessary footnote when his name crops up. We are tempted to ask, when a man is unearthed after this fashion, "Cui bono?" and the question recurs in perusing this volume. The chief value of a work of this kind is the number of sidelights which it gives on other better-known characters. Thus Hone's account of how, when a child, he saw John Wesley is one of those vivid and first-hand touches which is worth any number of official biographies:—

... I saw the black legs, with great silver buckles, coming down the stairs, and there came into the room a venerable man, his long silvery hair flowing upon his shoulders, his countenance cheerful and smiling and ruddy as a youth's, and his eyes beaming kindness. . . . The room seemed illuminated by his presence.

Hone's relationships with George Cruikshank, and his encouragement of the young artist, are good things to remember for the light they shed on both men. But the man by whom the memory of Hone is chiefly kept green is, of course, Charles Lamb; so long as his letters are read, people will ask, "Who was William Hone?" If curiosity about him still continues, it may be completely satisfied by referring to Mr. Hackwood's work. His book is a piece of tardy justice to an estimable character, for until now no worthy record of Hone existed. At the end of the volume, too, we get a glimpse of Charles Dickens, who visited Hone in his last illness, and was present at his funeral. This sidelight on Dickens is a not altogether pleasant one, for it shows the great novelist using his descriptive powers in a way that afterwards gave pain. But it is well that the controversy which arose out of this affair should now be fully pre-

sented and finally settled, for the good of all parties concerned, as it is here.

Perhaps this life of Hone will give some modern moralist a shining example with which to illuminate his pages. Hone may be held up in this fashion in two ways, according to tastes. His hot, revolutionary, pamphleteering youth may be put forward as an ideal for these unrestful times; or his irreproachable, "converted" old age may make a subject for a tract, as it has already done at least once. Mr. Hackwood's work is certainly not lacking in interest, and, generally speaking, is very well done. There are occasional repetitions, but these are due to his arrangement, which strikes one as being, at times, rather awkward. We do not know what public he had in mind when writing this book, but we think he might give his readers credit for some small literary knowledge, and not append such solemn bits of information as that about Gifford of the *Quarterly Review* on p. 229, and that concerning "Tuyfelsdröckh" (Hone's spelling) on p. 333. A word of praise must be added for the excellent bibliography and illustrations. After all, Mr. Hackwood has more than justified his choice of a subject.

"Who's Who" and Others

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage for 1913. (Dean and Son. 31s. 6d.)
Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage, 1913. (5s. net.)
Who's Who, 1913. (A. and C. Black. 15s. net.)
Whitaker's Almanack, 1913. (2s. 6d. net.)
The International Whitaker, 1913. (2s. net.)
Englishwoman's Year-Book and Directory, 1913. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1913. (A. and C. Black. 1s. net.)

THOSE people who make a point of collecting each edition of certain books as they are published must see a very great difference between "Debrett's Peerage" of several years ago and the one issued for the year 1913. The number of hereditary, personal, and courtesy titles, together with the companions of the various orders, now totals 18,000, so that the volume before us is very massive compared with the three small books which constituted the principal reference there was to the peerage of over a century ago.

The "Peerage" issued by Messrs. Whitaker at the price of 5s., although not containing the many details of the larger Debrett, is a book formed on similar lines to its companion, and is very handy for people who cannot afford the money or space for the handsome red and gold favourite.

"Who's Who" always strikes us as a book that is far more interesting than many novels. In it one can read the history of their favourite writers, musicians, divines, or soldiers, while the little human touch provided by an account of the recreations of the various people mentioned seems at once to bring them into closer relations with the outside world, which can merely wonder and gasp with astonishment at the extraordinary

amount of work and number of accomplishments some people seem able to crowd into one short span of life. For instance, a French lady who has been, and still is greatly admired by the English, not only has to her credit the honour of being the director of one theatre, the founder of another, but has gained a medal for sculpture and published many books—all this in addition to the numerous rehearsals she must have attended in order to perfect the numerous characters she has from time to time represented on the French and English stage.

The gentleman whose recreation appears to have ceased after he "represented Cambridge in the quarter-mile *v.* Oxford" in 1886 cannot certainly be accused of over-indulgence in the pleasures of this life. Another, resident in Australia, once had a two years' visit to England, since when, slightly to paraphrase the words of the advertisement of a well-known commodity, he has had no other. A few have no recreations, or are too modest to state them. One impresses upon us the fact that, although now occupying a notable position, he was born of working-class parents and married a collier's lass; while we are all well acquainted with the genial musician who spends his spare time in looking up, or rather down, upon the tombstones of the great, in order to ascertain their condition, and has also written upwards of 1,400 letters to the Press.

In addition to the usual "Almanack," Messrs. Whitaker this year have issued "The International Whitaker." They claim for it that it can be used "either as the companion . . . or in substitution for the older but less topical handbook." From a casual glance in many instances it appears to contain in a much fuller form information with regard to the countries of the world, similar to that given in the "Whitaker" with which we are all acquainted.

Among other interesting items, "The Englishwoman's Year Book" contains a very able and concise article by Miss Harvey on the much criticised Insurance Act. Educational, professional, and social work is also dealt with at some length. In fact, no subject likely to be of interest to women is omitted, and the arrangement of the whole book is to be highly commended.

"The Writers' and Artists' Year Book" has again been revised and brought up to date, and will prove this year, as in previous years, a most handy little guide for young authors who desire to know the best markets in which to place their manuscripts.

Shorter Reviews

The Romantic Trials of Three Centuries. By HUGH CHILDERS. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a good book, but one which might have been much better had it been written by a man of legal training. Mr. Childers shows but little sense of proportion; thus he starts his volume with one of the most unreadable episodes portrayed in it. He is evidently a man who is unable to sift a quantity of evidence

and present salient features in a condensed and agreeable form. The opening article, entitled "The Great Alibi," extends to thirty-seven pages, although the author does not seem to recognise the fact that the story of Elizabeth Canning is one which has very little intrinsic interest, and it could very well have been disposed of in half the space.

On the other hand, the story of the trial of so fascinating a personality as William Penn, told in fifteen pages, might have held entranced the interest of the reader for three times that length. The history of Beau Fielding and the Duchess is kept within suitable limits; that of the notorious Elisabeth, Duchess of Kingston, is also well presented; but the narrative of Dr. Dodd, called "The Macaroni Parson," bores the reader by its quite uncalled-for amplification. The same may be said of the trite and well-worn story of "The Lyons Mail." It was scarcely worth while to introduce this long narrative, covering nearly fifty pages, unless the author was prepared to shed a good deal of light upon its obscure aspects. We think Mr. Childers believed that this was a masterly paper; we regret that we do not agree with him. The trial of Disraeli for libel is distinctly interesting, as everything connected with that incongruous but brilliant man must naturally be. There are several minor stories which are readable, and, on the whole, the volume may be cordially recommended to those who are interested in legal proceedings in which prominent persons through several ages have appeared.

One Welshman: A Glance at a Great Career. By WHITE-LAW REID. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

THIS is a reprint of the address by the late American Ambassador, to whose memory such eloquent tributes were lately paid in the House of Commons, delivered at the University College of Wales at Aberystwith. The lecture gives a bird's-eye view of the career of Thomas Jefferson, author of "The Declaration of Independence." Perhaps Mr. Whitelaw Reid is correct, and perhaps he is not, in ascribing Welsh origin to Jefferson. We admit that we have never heard that Jefferson belonged to that nationality. Perhaps fifty-nine pages are hardly sufficient in which to present a complete view of a man of Jefferson's achievements. However that may be, the impression which one derives from the perusal of the lecture is that Jefferson was a past-master in all the arts which a man who appeals to popular approval should be possessed of. He was very little troubled with principles, and consequently there was no uniformity of design or steadfastness of action observable throughout his career. He was able to trim his sails to catch any wind, and there is no doubt that he would have done violence to a sensitive conscience, had he possessed one, by many of the gyrations in which he indulged when he thought that political profit would accrue from them. Still, he was a great figure in American politics and progress, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid's

lecture, if it does not lead us to entertain the highest possible respect for Jefferson as a man, yet enables us to perceive the qualities which enabled him to perform a great part in the evolution and progress of American nationality.

Indians of the Terraced Houses. By CHARLES F. SAUNDERS. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

DOWN in the south-west of the United States, half a dozen or more communities of Indians dwell unto this day in the primitive sort of semi-civilisation which was theirs when first the "conquistadores" set foot on Californian shores. They have never warred with the white intruders, nor misbehaved themselves in any way; they are industrious agriculturists, with some sort of knowledge of stone architecture, and other simple arts which place them above the level of the mere savage, and they form a remarkable remnant of aboriginal America, a link rather with Mayan and Aztec forms of culture than with the bloodthirsty tribes of savages who once hunted on the northern prairies.

Among these people Mr. Saunders and his wife spent a period of almost unalloyed happiness, if one may judge by the record which this book contains. The author introduces us to sundry characters whose acquaintance we are glad to make—Dick, the policeman of Zuñi, is a noteworthy instance. Dick as intermediary in the purchase of meat is a joy, and indirectly he sheds much light on the ways and customs of these "Indians of the Terraced Houses."

While writing in light and truly entertaining style, Mr. Saunders conveys a good amount of serious knowledge to his readers. Philologists may note the absence of "r" from the Zuñi tongue, and thus deduce another link between the Far East and the Far West in attempting to place the original birthplace of these Indian tribes—especially those among whom civilisation had made some progress before white men came to overthrow and remodel. This by the way, for it is only one point worth thinking over among the many which the author raises in the course of this narrative, which, it may be said, is well and adequately illustrated by photographs of these people and their belongings, and is in itself an entertaining record, well worth perusal.

Ὅρατιόν ψδαί, κατὰ μετάφρασιν Πανευμόλπου. Τόρον ἄ τεύχος ἁ.
(Parnassus Press. 2s. 6d.)

M. PANEUMOLPOS presents us with an interesting "specimen" of an intended translation of the Odes of Horace into Greek—not modern, but classical Greek. Apart from a critical preface and some rather commonplace notes, both in Greek, he gives us renderings of two well-known odes only: "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo" (III, i) and that to Leuconoe (I, xi). Of the former there are three and of the latter no less than ten renderings, besides suggested variants. It can hardly be intended to carry out the work on this scale, which

would expand it to the size of the Encyclopædia Britannica; and, furthermore, this repetition of translations of the same Latin words unavoidably produces also repetition of the Greek phrases used. Thus, in the "Leuconoe," "*scire nefas*" in the first line is rendered four times by οὐ θέμις εἰδέναι and four times by οὐ θεμιτὸν εἰδέναι—to quote no further examples.

The language is, with rare exceptions, strictly classical. We note, however, that πέπρωτ' for πέπρωται is a comic form. It is the more remarkable that M. Paneumolpos, whose preface shows that he can write ancient Greek with ease and fluency, should not have adopted as the vehicle of his translation some of the ancient lyric metres which Horace copied and of which sufficient fragments remain to furnish models, while the brilliant imitations of Carducci have shown that it is possible in a language closely allied to the original to reproduce those metres with success. M. Paneumolpos has adopted none of these, nor even what he calls the "national" verse of fifteen syllables, but rhymed lines arranged in various modern lyric forms. But though the language is classical, both the rhyme and the rhythm depend on modern Greek usage and peculiarities of pronunciation. For example ὁποῖον is made to rhyme with ὁροσκοπίων and θεωρεῖται with μέγε. Similarly, pronunciation by accent governs the rhythm. This is familiar enough to Continental schools, where prosody is neglected, and Greek verse-writing practically unknown, but to English scholars it is somewhat repellent. Elision, moreover, M. Paneumolpos only uses where it is convenient. Nevertheless, the experiment is an interesting one, and the work deserves perusal, if only for the sake of the lucid and elegant Greek of the Introduction. The printing and general appearance of the book are excellent, but there are some strange mistakes, due, evidently, to faulty reading of proofs. These are chiefly in the Latin—e.g., "tagenta" for "tangenda," "eorem" for "eodem"; and there are a few misprints in the Greek.

Chinese Poems. Translated by CHARLES BUDD. (Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE chief value of this book will, we imagine, be found to lie in Mr. Budd's introduction dealing with the construction and technique of Chinese poetry. Even the slight sketch he gives of the history of Chinese poetry, valuable though it is, and wonderful in its concision, has to date its value from that essay. And from what he says it is clear that the Chinese had no slight task before him in the construction of a poem. It is, of course, fairly common knowledge that in the Chinese language the tone of a word gives it meaning more than the sound, many words having the same sound and having to rely on the various tones in which they are spoken for their differing meaning. And it is obvious that, since one of the highest things in all poetry is its tonal significance—a fact that is too often lost sight of among modern poets and the critics of poetry—the possibilities before Chinese poetry must have been considerable; the more so since the poet had not only to construct his pattern

of lines and his pattern of rhymes, but also his pattern of sounds and tones. Whether, however, this possibility was ever at any time realised is difficult to judge from the present work. This was more or less to be expected. Poems devised in this way are untranslatable—for the impossibility of translating poetry at any time is just the impossibility of translating tones. Mr. Budd's efforts are, as he modestly says, "pleasantly readable," but they are no more.

Apart from the difficulties we have already spoken of, a man who is in the habit of translating "commercial documents," and has no practice in the forms of English poetry, is only adding to the formal difficulties: he is bringing one inability to another. But in the most opaque of renderings it is usually impossible to catch the echo, or spirit, of whatever greatness is singing unmuffled in the original, and the chief disappointment in these poems is that, in spite of our hopes aroused by his introductory essay, very few of the poems seem to hint any more than prettiness in the songs of Chinese poets. The note that, in Western poetry, cries aloud in our spirits, and makes us know we are gods of immortal destiny, seems altogether lacking in Eastern poetry—judging by these efforts, and by translations of Japanese poetry. It seems only the Aryans in the East—Aryans like ourselves—who can strike this deeper note. Of course, it may not be so. We can but judge from the translations given us by different scholars, the best and most authoritative of all being Mr. Budd. Readers of this book expecting a high note will be disappointed. If they desire prettiness, even the prettiness of "bijouterie," they will find abundance of it. But Mr. Budd's introduction is quite another thing.

Persian Literature. By CLAUD FIELD. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel. 3s. 6d. net)

WE have often wondered how many of the thousands of admirers of Omar Khayyám think it worth while to step outside Nishapur and pluck the roses of other Persian poets. Omar has had, thanks to Edward FitzGerald's adaptation, an enormous vogue. It is not to be wondered at that the majority of readers regard these quatrains as typical examples of Persian poetry. The reverse is the case, for Omar's pessimism, raillery, and rather cheap cynicism are certainly not characteristics of Persian poetry generally. Firdawsi has told wonderful tales in his "Books of Kings"; Hafiz has sung of the beauties of his mistress or of the joy of the wine-cup; while Jami, Jalalu'd-din Rumi, Attar, and Shabastari in his wonderful "Rose-Garden of Mystery," make the bulbul singing to the rose, the beauty of women, and the ecstasy derived from the juice of the grape, symbols of the lover seeking union with the Divine Beloved. Here, indeed, is a store of exquisite thought and rare imagery that far transcends the utterances of the popular Omar. Those who have found the highest form of mystical love in "Flashes of Light" comparable with the ecstasies of Ruysbroeck or Suso; those who have wandered in "The Abode

of Spring," and sat in Sa'di's "Rose-Garden" or "Orchard," will have discovered in the Land of the Lion and the Sun a literary treasure as fair as the white temple "Shah Jahan builded for his lady's grave."

We could have wished that Mr. Claud Field had written with a little more enthusiasm, also that he had chosen less obsolete translations. He has, however, made a careful study of the subject, from the "Zend-Avesta" to Babiism and the Bahai movement. If the arrangement of the book could have been improved, we must take into consideration the vast amount of material the author had to deal with in the limited space at his disposal. Apart from Professor E. G. Browne's monumental work, "A Literary History of Persia," there was no comprehensive study of Persian literature in the English language until the present volume was published. We trust that Mr. Field's book will be the means of attracting not only the student, but also a number of Omarians who have so much to discover in Persia's rich and splendid literature.

Fiction

Hoffman's Chance. By WILLIAM CAINE. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE author has taken a set of very real people for characters in this story; and has gone minutely into the details of their lives; he has a way, which is none too pleasant, of stripping both men and women down to the moral skeleton, dissecting each layer as he finds it, and giving the result of his experiment in a sardonically humorous fashion. It is not so much the humour of the book that we realise as the amusement of its author at the follies and frailties of his people. With all this he constructs a thoroughly interesting story.

Hoffman verged on genius, so far as music was concerned, and Bertram Orde gave him his chance in the form of money to produce a comic opera, of which Orde wrote the libretto. Psyche Whittaker spoils the chance by inducing Orde to cut and alter the play in the interests of her part, until little of the original comic opera remained, and, of course, the piece was a "frost." Michael Hoffman retains our sympathy throughout, and Linda, the woman who inspires his work, is drawn with equal skill. Save for these two, our admiration is not asked for any character.

We can accord only a stinted measure of admiration to these two, for the author writes in a detached, analytical, staccato fashion, as if he himself were unenthusiastic over the matter in hand. Here are technique and literary skill fully evident, but the book was never a vital thing to its writer—it was, rather, an abstract problem, and hence even its solitary love scene is cold. The net effect is rather disappointing; we leave Hoffman standing with Linda on the verge of big things to be accomplished, and, in spite of the skill with which the story of the first "chance" has been related, we feel that the big things are all to come—they are not set down here.

The Sorcery Club. By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL. Illustrated. (William Rider and Son. 6s.)

THREE San Francisco clerks, out of work and starving, get hold of a book which describes the sure way to Black Magic, and, driven mainly by hunger, they set to work to make themselves initiate. In the various processes to which they are subjected we get rather a surfeit of "superphysical" manifestations—by the way, why will not these authors on psychic subjects write "supernatural," the everyday word that we know, and whose meaning is larger, rather than this pedantic compound? Save in the case of those who depend on out-of-the-way words and phrases for their effect, surely the teller of a plain story would achieve greater results by simple means than by such unnecessary complexities as this.

The three schemers succeed in their compact with the malevolent, invisible influences up to a point, and then, as has happened from the beginning of time, a woman steps in and spoils their plans. There were seven stages of psychic development through which they must pass for perfection, but they never reach the seventh—the woman attends to that. Some portions of the story are amusing, notably that which deals with the working of evil spells, but none of it is forcible enough to induce a shudder. It is as if the author were not sufficiently impressed with his own subject to render it more than commonplace, though the marvels of which he has to tell are stupendous, in all conscience. Yet, even in a story of this kind, it is the manner that counts rather than the matter, and the manner is for the most part absent from these pages.

Chess for a Stake. By HAROLD VALLINGS. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

WHEN into the first page of a book enters a young man with a dark, strong face; when, further, information is laid against the aforesaid young man to the effect that he has set his affections on a certain girl, we feel tolerably certain that he will marry the girl somewhere in the vicinity of the last chapter. In this we are not disappointed, but it must be confessed that the love affair of Will Pigott and Kitty form but a minor portion of this book's contents. The main interest is supplied by a certain Francis Trecarrel and Evangeline Margesson by way of hero and heroine. The part of villain is admirably filled by Jago Polwhele, heir to a huge fortune, but, for the greater portion of the story, a school-master. The title is fully justified, for it is a very intricate game of chess that these and other characters play; Evangeline is the chief "stake," and a study of the multitudinous moves in this complex game is thoroughly interesting.

It may be urged by ultra-critical readers that the plot is almost too complex, for, in addition to the characters mentioned, a number of schoolboys play parts in the story. Polwhele, the villain, is about the best-drawn character in the book; the author does not err on the side of high colouring, but accounts for Polwhele's

tendencies by the fact of his birth, and for his acts by the circumstances to which he was subjected. Hence we get a natural and quite realistic villain, whose deeds are thoroughly in accordance with his temperament, and who never descends to melodrama level. As a whole, the book is fresh, sincere, and altogether interesting.

The Theatre

"If We Had Only Known" at the Little Theatre

MR. INGLIS ALLEN has made a charming, straightforward, interesting play on the subject of the joys of parentage and the difficulties which befall those married persons who do not care for children. A pleasant young artist, Robert Vale (Mr. Leon Quartermaine) and his wife (Miss Mary Jerrold) fall out, and kiss again with tears many months afterwards. The reason of their disagreements is pointed out to them by Dr. Paul L'Estrange, their friend, who pops in from Egypt whenever he's wanted. This is a difficult character, made most convincing and sincere by Mr. Rudge Harding. He explains the gaiety and glory of the child in the house, and somehow everything happens for the best, and by the end of the third act everybody, including the audience, is very happy and awfully keen about Roosevelt's views, and quite convinced that—

To the end of Time 'twill be the same,
For the Earth first laughed when the children came.

Personally, we dread young ladies who play little boys on the stage, and would sooner be doomed to live at the club for ever than meet them in real life. But we own that Miss Mabel Mason makes the Bobs of Mr. Allen's play quite human and agreeable, an arrangement in which the author is an accessory before the fact, for he makes his important little boy fairly silent—he has no terrible speeches to deliver. Nor have any of the other nine admirably depicted characters. The rich Vaughan Thompsons, who lure Vale away from his wife, are the real people in the hands of Mr. Curtis and Miss Aimée de Burgh. Mr. Eric Maturin gives us a careful study of the young man of the period made mentally clumsy by convention and splendid physically by athletics. There is the loafer of Mr. Wilfrid Benson, and the general servant of Miss Harwood, who only appear for a little while and are perfect in their way.

From these few notes it will be seen that Mr. Allen has written his play in the language and with the feeling of real life—a by no means common accomplishment in any period of our stage history. The result is that his two main characters, taken by Mr. Quartermaine and Miss Mary Jerrold, are able to give us of their best. As the young wife who loves and is disappointed, misunderstood, neglected and bitter—but always loving—

Miss Jerrold plays with the greatest skill. But this lady who grows old so gracefully in the ever-fresh "Milestones" does not appear to age a day in "the several years"—I should think about seven—which pass between the second and last acts. Happy Mrs. Vale, no doubt this is one of the delicate rewards for having added to the coming race. *Envoi*, one can't help wondering what would have been the comment of the brilliant and bitter Douglas Jerrold, the grandfather of the author, on this simple, clever, purposeful piece of work; I fancy it would have been amusing.

"Aladdin" of the Follies at the Empire

MR. PELISSIER and his clever group of friends have made a new departure with, as it seems to us, happy results. I may own that I have been several times lately to see the "Follies" at the Apollo, but have not allowed myself to write of the performances, partly out of gratitude for so many past delights, partly because they were not worth writing about. But now, with the gallant support of the most powerful "Empire" in the world, the youth of this company is renewed and joy cometh with the miming. Imagine all the rich beauty, delightful colouring, gay corps de ballet, and bright atmosphere which this theatre can command, and superimpose thereon an amusing version of the old "Aladdin" story, now made sometimes to burlesque pantomime, and sometimes to make fun of every other thing under the sun. Conceive Mr. Lewis Sydney, Mr. Morris Harvey, the volatile and graceful Douglas MacLaren, the beautiful Miss Compton, and the gifted master of the Follies pack, Mr. Pélissier, and all the rest of that merry company, free to be as amusing as they can in the freest sort of stage production possible; envision these things in a setting of Chinese beauty, and you will have a good idea of this brilliant diversion. Each night Mr. Pélissier and his friends add fresh fun to the performance; every evening that delicious, that merriest of dancers, Miss Phyllis Bedells, becomes more lively and attractive, and the support of the beautiful ladies of the ballet more entrancing and alluring.

But, as I have said before, the Empire audience is a difficult one to hold, and I understand that "Aladdin" is to pass. However, on the night I saw this cleverly arranged performance there was never a scene—and there are ten—which was not merry or beautiful, or both, but there were a few dull moments. One remembers a quite banal song about China tea, with a few pantomime advertisements in it, which has probably been replaced by one of Mr. Pélissier's happier thoughts, and there was a song at the fall of the curtain by that artist which seemed to be extremely lacking in point. Among the long cast, all of which worked with a will for the success of a by no means

light undertaking, Mr. Morris Harvey, Mr. MacLaren, and the lovely dancer, Miss Phyllis Bedells, shone with particular brilliancy.

"The Harem Lily" at the London Pavilion

AN Oriental operetta, by M. Paul Lincke, at a place once the arch-type of the old-fashioned music-hall, is a delightful, most welcome departure. The pleasant voices and gay dresses, the light music and amusing songs which go to make up this short play certainly delighted the audience on the first night at the Pavilion. As with most operettas of this type, the fun will develop as the run continues. Already such comedians as Mr. Bruce Winston, as the Pasha, and Mr. Debnam, as a semi-Oriental music-hall agent, show an inclination to improve upon the rather fragile humours of the author. Miss Marjorie Maxwell, who plays the heroine, Marietta, looks charming and sings with taste, so that there can be no doubt that this piece—the ingenious little plot of which you must discover—will please many audiences for many days. By the way, we see the play is "presented by Mr. Anthony Ellis," whom one remembers as the accomplished critic of the *Star*. This seems to open out a vista of delight to the wayworn writer for the Press. Can it be possible that we may yet bourgeois forth into the gay impresario, and, laying aside our tools, "present" such lively little things as "The Harem Lily" to a waiting world?

EGAN MEW.

"Troilus and Cressida" at the King's Hall, Covent Garden

AT the complimentary dinner recently given to honour Mr. William Poel, whose innovations in Shakespearean production can scarcely still be described as unusual, Mr. Shaw is reported to have said: "If Mr. Poel had been a German, they (the British public) would probably have believed there was something in him; they never believe that art can come out of England. In all textbooks he will probably be described as a disciple of Reinhardt." And now, after thirty years of pioneer work, Mr. William Poel has brought to a close his series of productions, strange, original, and fruitful of much good to the Shakespearean stage.

Mr. Poel chose "Troilus and Cressida," rescued from the obscurity of three centuries (except for Mr. Charles Fry's venture in 1907), for his production by the Elizabethan Stage Society, assisted by the Streatham Shakespearean Players, at the King's Hall, Covent Garden. "Troilus and Cressida" is a strangely uneven play; it has some splendid scenes and also some very crude workmanship; it is usually classed with the tragedies, but many critics argue that it is a comedy; really it is a grim satire of the shamelessness of humanity. We have not space to criticise Mr. Poel's production in

detail. The wonderful continuity usually obtained by him was not as prominent, probably because some of the actors appeared to be believers in the tragic and others in the comic interpretation. The stage was set in tiers, and a tent, which corresponded to the wings, served as a hiding-place for the sulking, top-booted, yeoman-like Achilles. Prologue was dressed in full armour; the Greeks were presented as Elizabethan soldiers, all the Trojans in the flamboyant design of Elizabethan masque costume; Patroclus affected a nasty stutter and smoked a diminutive clay pipe; Thersites was dressed as an Elizabethan clown; Cressida (Miss Edith Evans), who was exceedingly handsome, wore a hat which was reminiscent of Gainsborough to a merely masculine critic. Several of the male parts were given to girls; Pandarus adopted a peculiar Cockney accent; councils of war were indistinctly heard from the back of the stage; and the acoustics of the King's Hall were possibly responsible for the inaudibility of many of the players. Mr. P. L. Eyre's Hector was audible and adequate, while Mr. Poel, as Pandarus, was the outstanding member of the cast. Mr. Poel's acting was extremely good, and deserved more efficient support.

The Pioneer Players at the Little Theatre

AT the Little Theatre, on Sunday, December 15, the Pioneer Players presented three plays by Hugh de Selincourt, Edith Lyttelton, and H. M. Harwood respectively. The plays seemed to have been arranged in their order of depression, so that the resultant effect was scarcely as interesting and varied as it might have been. "Beastie," by Hugh de Selincourt, opened the performance, and showed the awkward position of a young husband who is seeking a nurse for his infant son. The girl turned out to be an "old flame" of his 'Varsity days, but his wife sees no real impediment in this, and even goes so far as to present the uncomfortable girl with a keepsake. Miss Hilda Bruce-Potter played the part of the wife extremely well, and the piece received an enthusiastic reception.

The second play was "The Thumbscrew," a piece dealing with the terrible and hopeless lot of the women workers in a sweated industry. This atmosphere has been previously utilised by Mrs. Lyttelton. "The Thumbscrew" relates the struggle of Bernice Field—who drags out a fearful existence by sewing hooks on cards—between her two lovers. The one is anxious to marry her and emigrate to Canada, while the other, a mere boy slowly dying of lead-poisoning, selfishly appeals to her to remain. The "middle-woman" makes a reduction in wages, which seemed already at an irreducible minimum, but Bernice gives in to the suffering worker. Miss Phyllis Relph and Miss Margaret Yarde both played very cleverly, and the piece was well received.

The concluding play, H. M. Harwood's "Honour thy Father," showed a horrid, gambling, bankrupt father

who is depending for his arrears of rent upon his daughter who is about to visit him. She is intercepted by a more horrid and undeniable blackmailing friend of her father, and this man threatens to disclose the source of her income. The threats avail nothing; the father is informed, blusters, but eventually accepts his daughter's money. Miss Hilda Moore gave a fine interpretation of the character of the daughter, while Mr. J. Fisher White, as the father, and Mr. Moffat Johnston, as the blackmailer, both did well. A. H.

Music

"THEY say that women and music should never be dated," says Miss Hardcastle in the play, but, indeed, it would be no easy matter to date Sir Hubert Parry's new Symphony without the most convincing documentary evidence. We can well imagine the puzzlement of future musical pundits who should "discover" Sir Hubert, and seek to reconstruct him and date his masterpieces, as the art critics discover a Maitre de Flémalle or a Gerard David. Laying hold of such a *chef d'œuvre* as the Symphony in B minor, one set of critics will say, "This is certainly one of the later works of the Kensington Master who composed the 'Symphonic Variations,' and perhaps is identical with the composer of 'Judith.' It shows indubitable traces of experience, and is extremely mature in style." Then another batch of explorers into the musical work of British primitives will declare: "This cannot be a late work, whoever may have been its author. Look at its youth, its early-morning freshness of spirit. This music cannot have emanated from a head crowned with grey hairs, nor from a heart which had known the bitterness of advancing age. True it is that both the thoughts and their expression are those of a man of experience, but the hand that has set it all down was a hand in the full flush of its early vigour, a hand directed by a personality which, if we are to believe that its owner had even reached middle life, must have known the secret of perpetual youth." Yes; our first reflection, while Sir Hubert was conducting his new Symphony for the Philharmonic Society, was one of amazement that a composer whose time is chiefly occupied in the direction of an immense college of music, who for a good many years has foregone the delights of Symphonic composition, and who took his degree as Bachelor of Music at Oxford so long ago, we believe, as 1867, should be nevertheless capable of pouring forth this stream of fresh and beautiful music.

Edward Fitzgerald did not believe much in the "Fine Arts thriving on an old Tree." Heaven forbid that we should think of Sir Hubert Parry as an "old Tree," but he would certainly count among the exceptions to Fitzgerald's belief; we must class him with Titian, with Verdi, with Thomas Hardy. We can recall no composition of Sir Hubert Parry's which surpasses his new Symphony in the peculiar quality of freshness, in

the precious grace of buoyant life. Even in the first movement, which he calls "Stress," in which there is tragedy, suffering, distress, we are sure that the composer is not going to be overmasked by them. They are there, as they must be in every fully developed life, but they will not be permitted to obscure what Life has of sweetness and light. Our composer is an optimist; he can look with brave countenance upon tragedy, summon Love to heal the wounds made by inexorable fate, and, further, bring in the "inexhaustible instinct of humanity for play, merriment, gaiety, fun, humour," which has its "genuine province and its share in helping." Here, perhaps, we discover one of the secrets of Sir Hubert's youth and success. He knows the value of humour as a factor in Life. So we come to a Season of Content and Hopefulness, which are the blessed offspring of Love and Humour. But "in human things, tendencies overshoot the mark, and Content leads to careless physical exuberance." A return of Distress, even of Tragedy, is inevitable and salutary, but Tragedy is eventually transformed by Love.

We have long known, and frequently pointed out, that in Sir Hubert Parry the Poet is balanced by the Philosopher. No one who is familiar with the subjects which he has taken for musical illustration, and the words he has selected or invented for choral treatment, can doubt this for a moment. His new Symphony gives us his commentary on Life. It is a poetical criticism, if ever there was one, and its philosophy is as sound as its poetry is beautiful. It is also absolutely personal to the author; it is what he and he alone can give us. As we listen, we are never reminded of anyone else's music, and though it is written on a definite plan, though its themes are definite illustrations of ideas, though they are intermingled and worked up, and contrasted according to the exigencies of symphonic structure, there is never a page on which any unpleasant effect of effort is apparent. We never feel that the composer has been in any difficulty as to the working out of his plan. We should say that no more sincere music than this was ever penned. It is like the speech of an honest man, one in whose every word we believe instinctively. Musicians will not need to be assured that it is full of art and craft, but only in the sense in which the speeches of John Bright or the sermons of John Henry Newman were similarly full. We also notice with pleasure that Sir Hubert has not been afraid to show that he is perfectly cognisant of the developments which music has made since first he began to write. He has borrowed from no one; he shows the influence of no particular composer, but he makes legitimate use of the forces which in later days have come to be common property.

And when all is said that can be said as to the serious import of Sir Hubert's latest Symphony, as to its modernity, its skill of construction, its power of orchestration, the most important question of all remains to be asked and answered. Is it beautiful? Is it a piece of music that may be listened to with pleasure by the ignorant or by those whose intelligence shrinks from the musical discussion of the problems of Life, by those, too,

who know nothing of the science of music, or the rules which guide the writer of symphonics? Unhesitatingly we reply that it is. Without knowing anything of the key which the composer has supplied, without an acquaintance with even the A B C of music, anybody who is sane and human and loves beautiful themes and sonorous interweavings of sound, will enjoy this Symphony. The blasé man can enjoy Shakespeare without knowing anything about the history of the periods represented in the plays; he can enjoy Don Quixote and Dante, though he knows neither Spanish nor Italian, neither the romances of chivalry, nor the doings of Popes and Kings. It is one of the questions we have never been able to answer, whether he who is fully instructed derives more real enjoyment from Art, whether pictorial, literary, or musical, than the deuce who has only love, taste, and a certain instinct of understanding as his guide. We cannot decide whether it is better only to wonder and not to know, or whether it is better to know in order that we may wonder. It may be that the musicians who can take Sir Hubert's score into their hands, and read it as easily as they can their morning newspaper, who have so studied the science of composition that they can detect at a glance all the subtle cunning of orchestration, the transformation of themes, etc., that such folk will enjoy a performance of the Symphony more than those who cannot tell the voice of the clarinet from the voice of the bassoon, who understand the meaning of counterpoint as little as they do the Spectrum Analysis; but we are not sure. We ourselves pretend to no profundity of musical science. We have forgotten a good deal of our Prout, and would rather confront a band of militant Suffragettes when we were walking in the company of Mr. Lloyd George, than be set down to play a complicated score on the piano at sight in the presence of the professor who once sought to teach us that art. Yet we could and did enjoy Sir Hubert's Symphony as much as we have enjoyed any piece of music for a long, long time.

It will be a shame, even a disgrace, if all the competent orchestras of the Kingdom do not presently include it in their programmes. We should like to hear Mengelberg and Safonoff conduct it. Not that it is one of those baffling works of which we can only say, "We shall probably like it better when we know it." We shall come to like it better in the way that we like a friend more and more, who has delighted us from the first. We are sure that each time we hear it, this Symphony will rivet more tightly its hold upon our admiration and affection, for our instinct tells us that its beauty is not of the kind which either fades or falls.

We understand that Mr. Richard Edgcumbe has nearly completed the second volume of "The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley," which will shortly be published.

"The Interpreter," a quarterly magazine of Biblical and theological study, edited by the Rev. Hewlett Johnson, M.A., B.Sc., will in future be published by Mr. Robert Scott, Roxburghe House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Aspects of Ireland: Culture and Prosperity*

IN his "View of the State of Ireland" Spenser laments the barbarous state of Irish roads, and outlines his scheme for remedying the bad condition of the country. But we know that centuries before his time Ireland had had a well-constructed system of roads; and, since her commercial and civil prosperity grew steadily till the time of the Tudors in England, it seems pretty clear that her roads were not likely to have deteriorated in the natural course of events. But then Spenser was looking at the country from the outlander's point of view. He had come in the rear of invading armies. A defending people naturally destroys its roads behind it; and hostilities may be relied on effectually to conclude what they, in their proper defence, began. It is, as we have said, a matter of standpoint. Regarded from without, the picture seems altogether different when its aspect is regarded from within.

Mrs. Green is one of a small cluster who have effected this change in looking at Irish history. Hitherto it has chiefly been regarded as an appendage to English history, with the result that some of the most interesting pages in the annals of mankind have been missed, and others have been read with a false gloss. For instance, a glance at the map of Europe shows that all the natural ports face westward. England is the only country where this is not the case; and if the British Isles be considered as a whole the natural harbours again face westward, along the west coast of Ireland particularly. When, in addition to this, it is remembered that in early western history some of the most adventurous traders were the Scandinavians, the geographical position becomes even more interesting. For clearly, even as they could strike directly southward for Germany and the north of France, to trade with the richer parts of the Continent (the coasts of Burgundy, Spain, and the Mediterranean), the simplest way would be to swing round the open waterway of the Atlantic; and the natural harbours along the west coast of Ireland would become part of a main trade route. Which is precisely what happened.

But when the northerners thrust boldly outward and brought Ireland into the arc of a trade route that extended from Norway to Syria, there was already a well-matured civilisation—to employ a much abused word—in Ireland. It is an ironical thing that, whereas a code of laws formulated by one Hammurabi of the Euphrates valley should be studied patiently in popular treatises, a far more intricate and detailed system devised in a neighbour island, should be virtually unknown and neglected. Yet the code of laws administered by the brehons, or judges, and therefore generally known as the Brehon Laws, in their detailed

application to the whole mass of civil life, are quite sufficient proof of a well elaborated civilisation. Moreover, it emerges already well formed from before the definite reckoning of history. So that when the Scandinavians swept round and caught up Ireland in a large system, it was very far from an untutored people that was thus introduced to this larger orbit. They themselves, in the settlements they established, were subdued by the Irish to a culture they did not possess. They did not much affect the central life of the nation inasmuch as their settlements were on the coast; yet, although there already existed a fair trade with the south of France and Spain, the country was drawn into the vortex of a wider commerce with more distant nations.

When, therefore, the Scandinavians, and Danes, passed, the result was that Ireland retained the larger area of trade without having had her own national life very considerably affected by invasion. The three or four main settlements were on the coast; and even there Irish culture, manners, and customs had more conquered the invaders in degree than the invaders had conquered the Irish in mass. And after the battle of Clontarf (1014), when the Danes were finally and effectually beaten, the last of the invaders were shaken off, those who remained in the country being drawn into the national life. The Danes had wished to bring Ireland within the pale of their Imperial ambitions, and failed, as the Normans later tried and failed; but they left the memory of their wider sphere of trade, and this was continued and cultivated.

How well it was cultivated Mrs. Green makes evident in her "Making of Ireland, and its Undoing." There she gives details of the trade of each of the chief Irish ports. "So frequent was the ocean traffic," she says, "that when Chester wanted to send messengers in a hurry to Spain, they went by way of Ireland, a fact which shows the number of Spanish trading ships in Irish waters." And again: "At the request of Ghent, Bruges, Ypres and France Philippe le Hardi gave a special safe conduct to Irish merchants to settle in the Low Countries with their goods and families; and 'Ships of Ireland were long known in Antwerp.'" On the East, Dundalk, Drogheda, Dublin, and Wexford; on the south, Waterford, Dungarvan, Youghal, Kinsale, and Baltimore; and on the west, Sligo, Galway, Limerick, and the inlets of Munster, all had their busy part in this traffic. Galway, for example, traded as far as the Levant and the Canaries. Its trade with Spain was such that to this hour in its streets one may see faces that are manifestly of Spanish origin. Its excellent harbour does not serve much purpose now; yet up till the time of Elizabeth it was one of the chief ports in the British Isles—a fact that is barely conceivable at the present day.

Yet an extended area of commerce is not the truest prosperity a country may know. A material prosperity of this kind may even mean—and in the modern world has meant—neglect of the spiritual world of culture. In Ireland this was not so, however. Before the coming of the Northerners, each chief, from the High King to

**The Old Irish World.* By ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. net.)

The Making of Ireland, and Its Undoing. By ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

the king of a tribe, had to be accompanied on his circuits and travels by a brehon, a poet, a bishop, a historian, and a musician, who were maintained by him in dignity and honour. This estimation in which culture and learning were held was part of the essential life of the nation; and it marked the hour of prosperity as surely as it characterised the simpler life of the people. They were, as Campion said in 1653, "lovers of music, poetry, and all kinds of learning"; and one recalls the line from *Hudibras*: "As learned as the wild Irish are." Or to quote from Mrs. Green again: "In Ireland, in fact, so long as any independent Irish life survived, the scholar was the most honoured man in the community." From Columcille's settlement in Iona she first evangelised Britain, and the English poet Caedmon received his education as a result of that. Her scholars carried their learning through Spain and France, and even travelled with it to the Levant. In Oxford there was an "Yryshemanstreete." English writers of that time speak of seeing children "grovelling upon couches of straw, their books at their noses, themselves lying prostrate," "conning by rote the Aphorisms of Hippocrates and the Pandects of Justinian." Not only, however, were the poets and clerics so learned, but it was considered a considerable reproach to any noble if he was not familiar with the learning that was held in esteem.

It is a graceful thing, "and pleasant if one consider it," to see a nation thriving in its spiritual life, carrying learning and culture among its peoples as a charge for which they were content to be at material loss, while they traded widely and freely in increasing prosperity. For trade, then, was not the graceless thing it is now. Yet the truly amazing point is that to the greater number of readers this picture, based though it be on firm contemporary records, should seem so foreign a thing that its insistence should appear either a phantasy or a paradox. This has simply come about because hitherto, prior to the uprise of some who have inverted the order, we have become accustomed to look at one nation's history from the point of view of another nation. It has been so with such national histories as those of France or Spain. It has been especially so in early Irish history. And it is Mrs. Green's distinction that she has wisely, and authoritatively, readjusted the weights.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

Verona

THE memory of Verona is the memory of a ripe fruit—a fruit mellowed and matured to rich colour by summers of golden sunshine. In Rome the legacies of the different centuries are sharply defined. The first association which the name evokes for most people is inevitably that of St. Peter's and the Vatican; but apart from it and apart from each other are Classic Rome, Early Christian Rome, Baroque Rome, and the fashionable city of modern times. Verona, as we know it, is the flower of as many epochs as Rome, but the spirit

of the place, or at least of all that is beautiful in it, is single and undivided. Time and weather have ripened the work of diverse ages into a rich autumnal whole. Its name calls up memories of tawny red marble, finely wrought ironwork, wide-canopied church porches opening to the afternoon sun; the sharp savour of the Gothic spirit, half simplicity, half grimness; the surprise of beautiful bridges and springing towers; the Early Renaissance, with its sweet sanity, pure, but too human ever to be cold; hanging balconies of pieced marble, house fronts stained with mouldering frescoes; then, after these and less vivid than they, the heavy nobility of ancient Rome. But all these sensations are united and merged into one, the sense of a sunny ripeness, a rich maturity.

There is no piazza in Italy more lovely than the Piazza delle Erbe, the market-place of Verona. The market-folk set up their stalls in the great oblong space in the middle. Each stall is sheltered by its broad, white umbrella; the square is full of them, domed under the sun like a bed of gigantic mushrooms. In the shadows beneath them, masses of brilliant flowers and fruit, heaped on tables or in baskets, strike notes of resonant colour among other wares. A leisurely crowd moves from stall to stall, and the shouts and chattering of buyers and sellers and the occasional rattle of a cart resound through the hollow space. All round it, the old high houses look down on the turmoil, silent and benignant like human presences. Some have balconies with clothes hanging to dry from them; some are stained with the gorgeous colours of obliterated frescoes—reds, greens, and golds. The top of the Piazza is closed by a fine Baroque palace. Age has weathered it to a ripe golden yellow, and cast a quaint wistfulness over the pompous statues that crown its parapet. Above the tall houses on the east side of the Piazza, the Torre dei Lamberti shoots high over the market. Its square red shaft, running up into the beautiful octagonal summit, stands up strongly against the blue of the sky, quietly presiding over the noisy scene. It gives a sense of the roomy spaces above, drawing the eye upwards and linking the noisy hollow of the piazza with the broad serenity of the upper air. Unlike the great things of Nature, which make mankind as a race seem small and transient, the beauty of old architecture, so full always of the human element, gives a meaning and dignity to the hustling business of the crowd; one realises the continuity of the race, the unbroken tradition which has kept that place the market place since the days when the Roman Forum stood there, and makes it still a vital part of the town.

We find more of the spirit of an age in its architecture than in any other art, for architecture is necessarily social, and springing from social necessity it is shaped by the needs of the time—needs warlike, religious, and civic. The poet may be social or hermitical; the architect must base his whole work on the social habits of those he builds for; without them "his occupation's gone."

He builds the soaring spires,
That sing his soul in stone,

and not only *his* soul but the soul of the city; and those spires which grew out of the social life preserve its spirit, handing down to later times the mind, customs, ambitions, and dreams of their makers. That is why one feels serene and at peace with mankind in an old town; there the strifes, problems, and ugliness of modern life appear in a truer perspective as natural elements of social evolution. In a modern town they take hold of us with appalling significance till we are apt to lose the historic view and to regard the external life of the moment as the only life. Among the beautiful remains of past ages one is in contact with all that is best in the human heart. One tries, looking at their work, to see as they saw and think as they thought, and to do so broadens the mind and sweetens the sympathies.

Verona is fortunate in its river. A river, especially a river swift and alive like the Adige, brings the freshness and beauty of open life into a town; and it necessitates one of the most beautiful of architectural creations. To cross even the least lovely of bridges gives a sense of heightened vitality. Few people can be untouched by the delight of emerging from close-walled streets into open space and realising that the roadway has suddenly become suspended over moving water. A beautiful bridge is a flight translated into material; there is something spiritual in it, as in all beautiful architecture, and to cross it is almost a ceremony. One feels the delight of being lifted up above the earth on a thin platform; the movement of the water below makes one's stability above it seem an adventure, a miracle, and the presence of the airy void on each side and the sound and liveness of the stream are refreshing and uplifting to body and soul.

One of the most lovely things in Verona is its Ponte Scaligero, that bridge which the second Cangrande built in the fourteenth century to connect his castle with the farther bank of the Adige. The arch voussoirs and the bases of the piers are of stone, the rest, like the castle itself, is of brick—brick weathered by the years to a smouldering tawny red. The piers between the three arches rise into great turrets, and these turrets and the lofty parapet-walls break out splendidly at their summits into fish-tail battlements. The arch at the further bank is low, the middle one is larger, but the third is gigantic, flung into the castle wall with the irresistible leap of a rainbow. The sense leaps with it, stimulated to sudden rapture by the bracing swing of the bow. No builder has ever breathed such power and vigour into bricks and mortar, such solidity combined with such speed. It is like some vision of high romance. Watching it, with the swirling Adige weaving its peacock blues and greens over the shelving rocks below and deepening to a shadowy purple under its cold resonant arches, one dreams of the enchanted castle of some terrible old story.

MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG.

A New French Play

A GREAT scientist, Bouguet, has lived for twenty years in perfect communion of thought with his wife, a very superior woman, and a celebrated bacteriologist like himself. Their child, Marcelle, promises to follow the example of her illustrious parents. But though planning in the spheres of superhumanity, Laurent Bouguet lets himself be momentarily beguiled by the mere physical charms of a delicious young secretary, Edwige, who, as her name proves, is of Slavic origin and thus dangerous. And the few instants during which he descended from his pedestal of superiority cause the ruin of his career, of his reputation, and even the loss of his life. His great philosophical work is destroyed as a personal revenge; his discoveries relative to the cure of cancer are endangered—all on account of a pretty little stenographer. Such are the fundamental points of M. Henri Bataille's new play, "Les Flambeaux," which was recently presented for the first time at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin. But on this rough canvas M. Bataille has embroidered many philosophical or sentimental digressions, and he tries to prove that persons of even the highest intellect, proud of their supposed enfranchisement from the vulgar passions of common mortals, are just as subject to the ordinary social prejudices as their inferior fellow men or women.

After having posed the problem of the Idea in conflict with the Flesh, M. Bataille does not solve it. As usual he prefers to discuss vast questions with a vagueness of execution which may be artistic, but is certainly not satisfying. But one must not forget that he is a poet, as is proved by his book of verses, "Un Beau Voyage," so that he does not fear to write his plays before having attained the real truth. His system of working is rather timorous, for we cannot help discovering that M. Bataille possesses no very determined philosophical convictions; he interests us by the poetical side of his work, but does not convince us.

At the end of "Les Flambeaux," the Idea does in truth triumph over Matter, in what seems a rather artificial way. After the storm has blown over, M. Bataille's personages seem to take refuge in their work automatically, rather by habit than by passion or conviction. Bouguet's widow, and Blondel, the man whom he mocked, and who revenged himself by taking his life, forget their deep hatred and sorrow, and unite their efforts to perpetuate the work; but do they do it out of veneration for the dead man, or out of simple desire to resume the life from which passion and jealousy has momentarily expelled them? In fact, one cannot help the impression that M. Bataille has aimed at rather too lofty a subject. The drawn-out scenes are tedious, and there is a profusion of cheap sentimentality which surprises one on the part of an author of so high a reputation.

The character of Bouguet shocks us often. Is it conceivable that a man of so fine an intellect as M. Bataille represents him to be; should marry his mistress.

to his greatest friend and associate, in order to free himself from certain calumnies which are circulating in the Institut Claude Bernard, of which he is the head? We think not. Is it admissible that the passion Edwige nourishes for Bouguet, a man nearly three times her age, should be of so violent and sensual a character? Of course, Edwige is of Slavic origin; nevertheless it is painful and repulsive to see that fresh young girl beg for a proof of Laurent's affection. Would it not be more natural for her to have simply a great veneration for the great genius near whom she has the privilege of living?

The character of Mme. Bouguet is, with the exception of Blondel, the best drawn of the play. The conflict the news of her husband's treason provokes in her is finely depicted. She is a superior woman. We cannot ignore that fact, for she repeats it so often that one is exasperated by her unfailing superiority, and comes very near excusing Bouguet's weakness for a common mortal. Nevertheless the analysis of the emotions battling in the breast of the woman who for twenty years has lived in a sort of apotheosis of glory and work, far above the pre-occupation of humanity, and who suddenly discovers a very human side of her character, ignored till then, is treated in a masterly way.

A particularity of the play is that the title is explained to us in the second act, in a scene which has no other *raison d'être* between Bouguet and a great writer, Hernut, who, having followed the guidance of his senses during his youth, was led by sentimentality, in the autumn of his life, to follow the Ideal. To Bouguet's philosophical work he owes his evolution. Bouguet finds himself in a cruel dilemma. Having been all his life the passionate devotee to the Ideal, he has suddenly succumbed at the crowning point of his career to carnal weakness, thus undergoing the very opposite process to that followed by Hernut. And it is with real terror that he awakens to the fact that he is very near being entirely dominated by the senses. Bataille then expounds a theory which, we think, contains much truth: at some time or other, Nature will triumph in every human being, and perhaps more brutally still the higher the intellectual faculties of the person are that she assails.

M. Huguenet, in the rôle of Blondel, displayed a power and emotion of rare quality. He was quite human: and that is the greatest compliment one can pay him. Laurent Bouguet was personified by M. Le Bargy, who for the first time appears on a public stage since he quitted the Comédie Française. It is true that for his freak he has to pay a fine of 100,000 francs; this fact, however, adds to the general reputation of elegance M. Le Bargy enjoys. In leaving the house of Molière, he has not freed himself of certain of his defects. His conception of a superior man is a solemn, hypocritical, and pedantic person, fully convinced of his own infallibility and of the frailty of the world in general. He is perfectly insupportable, and supportably perfect! M. Le Bargy redeems his reputation in the death scene; but we have to wait till the end before hearing him pro-

nounce a single human and sincere accent. One can pardon his automatic conception, since he at last lives and vibrates at the moment of dying. Mme. Bouguet was represented by Mme. Suzanne Desprès, who, as usual, was ardent, concentrated, and seemed particularly pleased to play the part of a sublime woman whose abnegation is saintly and irritating.

Mlle. Yvonne de Bray was as irresistible as ever in the rôle of the passionate Edwige. We prefer her, however, in light comedy; for, when she finds herself in a tragical or emotional situation, her one resource seems to be to wring her hands and become dishevelled, which is by no means a disagreeable picture, but as a dramatic means is rather tedious.

A fact that rather surprised us was that the heroines of this remarkable play move among operating-tables and microbes of all kinds and descriptions, in delicate flimsy gowns, surely due to the inspiration of some great "couturier" of the Rue de la Paix.

MARC LOGE.

Christmas Exhibition at the Baillie Gallery

AMONG the various exhibitions of book illustrations generally open at this time of year some charming work is being shown at Messrs. Baillie's Gallery in Bruton Street, where one room is devoted to Miss M. V. Wheelhouse's colour drawings for some Victorian books. The books illustrated include "Jane Eyre" "Silas Marner," "Cranford," and others by Mrs. Gaskell, and several of Mrs. Ewing's. It is not easy to make pictures for such famous old stories as these, but Miss Wheelhouse's work is full of delicate feeling, and such evident sympathy with the characters and situations that she rarely fails to suggest the atmosphere in each, and one goes round the gallery enjoying the pictures at once for their own sake and for the sake of the books themselves—which, after all, is what an illustrator must desire one to do. It matters very little whether we conceive Miss Jenkins as "possessing herself of the orange" exactly as depicted by Miss Wheelhouse, or of Solomon as heading just such a procession, since in spite of weaknesses of detail, a certain feeling of the scenes is always there. The artist has a way, too, of giving personality to her interiors, and these are all books in which places count for a great deal. "We took turns for the ride next to the lilac" from "Six to Sixteen," the first "Little Women" picture, Miss Natty's shop and "Mrs. Hamley reading aloud," from "Wives and Daughters," are among the best of the drawings exhibited, and it is only to be expected that the illustrator of Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Ewing should fail more or less with such a book as "Jane Eyre," though even here it is only a partial failure.

In another room in the same gallery Mr. F. L. Griggs has a collection of what the catalogue ingeniously describes as drawings of "English Landscape Architecture," which are very interesting. There are a great number

of these, the best of them representing architecture, whether of cathedral or cottage, in a pleasantly unarchitectural way. In such studies of places as "Amberley Castle," "Old Houses at Whitchurch," "Dinton," and "Grevel House," for example, one feels the love of the architect for the beauty of buildings, but it would seem that Mr. Griggs, having studied architecture, had begun to draw only as an artist.

There are two other exhibitions in the same gallery—some clever caricatures of well known people by Mr. C. P. Hawkes, and a number of children's book illustrations by Mr. L. Leslie Brooke.

The Painters in Water Colours

WITH an occasional exception the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours pursues the even tenor of its way. The exhibition now open at the Gallery in Pall Mall East does not greatly differ from its predecessors of recent years, and there is not even a Sargent to surprise us. The occasional exception this year, however, is Mr. Edwin Alexander. His delicate studies of wild flowers and insects have been among the interesting things at the exhibition for some time; he has now been painting landscapes as delicately. From making studies of groups of reeds and grasses he has begun to draw the sweeps of marsh country—"Cullani" and "The Witch's Finger," for instance—in which they grow, with the same touch of feeling. He has also two frames of the most delicate pigeon studies.

The most beautiful thing in the exhibition is Mr. Clausen's "The Seine from Chateau Gaillard"—the river lying like a blue ribbon across the plain, with soft clouds above. His "Ludlow Castle" and "The Tree" are not at all equal to this, but Mr. Clausen could hardly paint anything which had not some beauty and interest. Near them hangs Mr. Walter Bayes' "Panorama Rattorin," in which there is a certain directness and decorative quality, but it is slight, and looks very slight against the work of Mr. Clausen. There are a good many of Mr. Walter Crane's pictures, among which the cleverest and most striking is one of an "Aviation Meeting," and the most individual and pleasing, "A Deer Park." Mr. Claude Shepperson's "The Lake, Grasmere," "The Rain Cloud," by Mr. Henry A. Payne, in which there is something of an early Italian touch, Mr. Walter J. West's "The Gleam," with its soft colour and design, and Miss Fortescue Brickdale's "Travellers," are all good, but Mrs. Laura Knight's water colours in this exhibition are slighter and less interesting than hitherto. A member of the society whose technique has altered a good deal is Mr. Robert Little. He has been painting in a more direct manner than formerly, adding very much to the value of his work. There is, of course, a great deal of work exhibited, though the Gallery is a little less crowded than usual, but we are only able to name in conclusion two of Mr. Arthur Rackham's designs, as charming and fantastic as always—"The Castle of the Twelve Dancing Princesses," and an illustration to "Don Quixote."

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, writing of Palmerston, said: "He was not in the highest sense of the word a truthful man; that is to say, there were episodes in his career in which, for purposes of statecraft, he allowed the House of Commons and the country to become the dupes of an erroneous impression. Personally truthful; honourable, of course, it would be superfluous to pronounce him. A man of Palmerston's bringing up is as certain to be personally truthful as he is to be brave, and to be fond of open-air exercise and the cold bath." I could not help thinking how well this description applied to Churchill on Wednesday when he was being cross-examined by Lord Charles Beresford about the resignation of the First Sea Lord. These are the two questions and answers of moment:—

Q.: "Is it a fact that the resignation was due solely to reasons of health?" A.: "So far as I am aware, there was no other cause whatever." Q.: "From which side did the proposal emanate?" A.: "Since the noble lord presses it, the proposal emanated from me." The catechism caused a profound sensation. Churchill went very white; he did not know how much Lord Charles knew, and he fought for time when he said: "Before answering that question, I should like to know whether the noble lord is speaking on behalf of Sir Francis Bridgeman."

Lord Charles was able to declare that he had had no communication with the First Sea Lord: "I merely asked the question in the interests of the Service, because so many First Sea Lords have left during the last few years." Lord Charles then wanted to know why Canada had suddenly made her magnificent offer, and what was the exact date when the Government became aware of the grave peril they were in through insufficient naval forces, as disclosed by the Admiralty memorandum to Canada.

Mr. Churchill was not to be caught a second time in one afternoon; he "had nothing to add to the full statement of policy contained in that memorandum." Joe Martin, from Canada, wanted to belittle his country's gift as much as possible by asking how much it was going to cost the British taxpayer to maintain the three warships; but he received no satisfaction.

We then got back to Home Rule. There is a hopeless muddle as to when the new state of things is to begin. Not to go into dry details, the Unionists suspected that the alteration of dates proposed meant that the Government wanted to have a general election after the Bill had passed, but before it became law. It was a case of "Heads I win, tails you lose," because, if the Coalition came back, they would say—quite naturally—that the country supported the Bill; if they lost, why, then, the Unionist Government would have to reverse the action, a course which, as I have already more than once pointed out in these notes, is very rare in practice. But it was all to no purpose; the guillotine stopped all argument at 7.30.

At 10.30 the guillotine fell again, and we started walking round and round for three and a half solid hours—not hurriedly, but at an average rate of eleven minutes to each division. The Radicals squealed and giped or ridiculed, but the Unionists were determined to revenge themselves. They had had the guillotine for weeks and weeks, and now the Government should taste of their own medicine. The smallest amendment was challenged, and we had the satisfaction of keeping more than twice our numbers out of bed through the night. Our grandchildren will perchance wonder at such an exhibition, but it is the only way at present in which a minority can make the majority feel a protest.

Claude Lowther once said to me, at 2 a.m.: "This is a beastly place. They are going to adjourn now, and I shall not know what to do with myself for the rest of the evening." Somewhat in this mood, the House sat down at 2 a.m. to polish off the White Slave Traffic Bill. Arthur Lee said it was a case of now or never, and, supported by the Government, he appropriately flogged through the Lords' amendments by 4 a.m. One gets mixed after sitting all through the night; but that concludes the account of Wednesday night's sitting.

On Thursday we heard that there were going to be thirty-one divisions at 10.30. This at eleven minutes each means five hours and forty minutes—or sitting until 4 a.m. again. The Mad Hatter was manifestly alarmed at such a tea-party, and, to the annoyance of his friends, begged the Government to approach the Opposition "through the usual channels" and see if they could not be reduced. Asquith duly promised to do his best, but he was not sanguine. The Irish are supposed to be a witty race, but, if the Nationalist M.P.'s are specimens, I can only say that the supposition is quite unfounded. With one or two notable exceptions, the mass of them are dull tradesmen, whose only contribution to the debate are occasional uncouth noises. Willie Redmond and Jerry MacVeagh are supposed to be the wits, and Jerry was put up this afternoon to ridicule the Union Jack. It arose owing to an amendment by Hamersley, who wanted the Union Jack to remain the official flag of Ireland, and to be kept flying each day until sunset over the Irish Parliament House, exactly in the same way as the Union Jack floats from the tall flagstaff on the Victoria Tower at Westminster.

Balfour showed his disgust at Jerry's cheap wit: "What I thought myself, speaking as a citizen of this Empire, absolutely intolerable." The astute John Redmond saw he had made a mistake and spoke smooth words and soothing. He objected to the amendment because he thought the proposal was intended to be some humiliation for Ireland: "The Scotch have a flag of their own, and he had seen the Welsh flag hanging over the house of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Downing Street. Ireland ought to have her own flag, but beside it would float the Union Jack, the symbol of the Empire, with which Ireland would for the first time feel she had been admitted on honourable and equal terms." It was a clever speech, and did away with some of the mischief caused by Master MacVeagh. After several other small details

and many divisions, the Bill finally passed through the Committee stage at 12.5, amid great enthusiasm on the part of the Coalition and a running fire of vitriolic sarcasm from Jack Wilson, who, I am glad to see, is now regularly back in his old place after his long illness.

On Friday the House assembled at 11 to go on with the Welsh Spoliation Bill. Outside in the Lobby men discussed Winston's amazing treatment of Sir Francis Bridgeman, who was bluntly asked by an enterprising reporter of the *Standard*: "Was your resignation voluntary, or on grounds of ill-health?" He replied: "The answer is in the negative!"

When we went inside, we found Mr. France, a Liberal Nonconformist, with an amendment in the shape of an olive branch. Would the Churchmen on one side and the Radicals on the other be content with the following suggestion:—"Let's take from the Church her tithe-rent charge, and leave her all the rest of her revenue." Young Gladstone made a fine speech. "Let your sense of justice be tempered with clemency and generosity," he said, "and allow the Church to retain endowments of which she has enjoyed undisputed possession for so long." Not a bit of it. McKenna was getting alarmed and angry. "If you pass this amendment, I shall drop the Bill!" he cried. Lloyd George was far more artful. "If we accept the amendment, will you agree to the Bill?" "No," said Colonel Pryce-Jones; "we can't do that; we firmly believe that all the endowments are rightfully ours." "Ah!" said Lloyd George, "it is useless to talk about a settlement by consent if the most reasonable of the representatives of the Welsh Tories require an offer like that." With his back to the wall, not quite certain how many of his own side would vote against him, Lloyd George fought with desperate courage. All the old demagogue in him broke out afresh. He attacked the landlord, he declared that the parson did not look after the poor, and offered to go down to Wales himself and try to make peace if that were possible. Balfour replied; he ridiculed the "logic" of the measure that the Government prated about—showed that they had made out no case at all: (a) that the clergy in Wales are overpaid, or (b) that the work was ill-done.

At 4.50, after an anxious afternoon, the bell rang, to the relief of the Government, and 68 Irish Nationalists, mostly Roman Catholics, came in to assist the Nonconformist Radicals, and saved the Government by a majority of 50. If this portion of the log-rolling Coalition had not been there to perform their part of the bargain, the Government would have been beaten by 18.

On Monday there appeared in the *Times* a statement which was obviously inspired, to the effect that Winston "would take an early opportunity, probably this afternoon," to make a further statement on the amazing case of the retirement of the First Sea Lord. On the Bench at question-time he passed a paper, which was evidently the statement, over to Asquith, who looked at it and shook his head. The time was evidently not opportune. I admire Asquith's style of speech very much, but his written encomium on Whitelaw Reid, masterly as it was, did not touch Balfour's unstudied tribute to the man and his work. All parties were pleased at the de-

cision to send the remains of the Ambassador to his native land in a British man-of-war.

We then went back to unseemly wrangling over the funds of the Welsh Church. It is apparently the intention of the Government to interfere with the remainder of the Church funds after she is disestablished and disendowed. Daylight-saving Pearce had the impertinence to say: "All these little manœuvres to obtain a little more money for the Church are viewed with dissatisfaction by many Nonconformist members." As if a man would not struggle, if left wounded on the ground by highwaymen, to preserve what they had overlooked—and come back for!

This is not the place to describe what takes place outside the House, otherwise I should like to say a word about Bonar Law's speech at Ashton-under-Lyme. It was discussed at large in the Lobby. With his usual directness, our leader has cleared the air, but at a cost which remains to be seen.

At question-time, after some rather churlish answers from McKinnon Wood, Mr. Watt, a Radical from Glasgow, inquired hopefully if and when the Secretary for Scotland was going to be made a peer, at which everyone laughed loudly.

All day and all night the Welsh battle raged. Mr. Handel Booth, with exquisite taste, hinted that some of the early endowments of the Church were the proceeds of the immorality of women. Sir A. Cripps warmly denied so scandalous a charge, and Booth withdrew it.

McKenna made a concession over Queen Anne's Bounty, which got him into trouble with the Welsh Radicals. I foresee a good deal more trouble before the Bill is through.

Notes and News

Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the author of many popular books on his original method for "voice, singing, and health," has written "Forty Years' Recollections of the Handel Festival Choir," published by the *Standard*.

Mr. Josef Holbrooke announces his twelfth year of modern chamber concerts. The first concert will take place at the Æolian Hall, on Friday, January 31, 1913, at 8.15 p.m.

A second edition of Mr. Israel Zangwill's play, "The Next Religion," which was so warmly discussed at the time of its first publication, will be issued by Mr. Heinemann in a few days. This new edition contains a special preface by Mr. Zangwill.

The book on library economy and allied topics by Mr. James Duff Brown, Mr. R. A. Peddie, and other authors, published originally by Messrs. Libraco, Ltd., will in future be issued by Messrs. Grafton and Co., of 69, Great Russell Street, W.C.

Attention has been called to the fact that Mr. Christopher Stone's last novel, "The Shoe of a Horse," pub-

lished last spring by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, contains an account of the rising of an imaginary Balkan State against its oppressors, and in many respects describes with remarkable accuracy the kind of warfare that has been raging in the Near East. It is a curiosity in fiction which deserves notice.

Mr. Frederick Harrison has, by an arrangement just concluded with Mr. Charles Frohman, secured Mr. J. M. Barrie's one-act comedy, "Rosalind," for the Haymarket Theatre; this will be presented at the matinée on Saturday next, with Miss Irene Vanbrugh and the rest of the original cast. "The Younger Generation" will begin as usual at 9 o'clock, and will be followed by "Rosalind" at 10.30. The performance will commence at 8.30 with "Aristide Pujol," by W. J. Locke.

The catalogue of valuable second-hand books issued by Mr. R. Atkinson, of 97, Sutherland Road, Forest Hill, S.E., is a capital guide to students of literature in search of lore on subjects which lie outside the beaten track. Books on finger-prints, mnemonics, whist, dogs, memoirs and biographies, and treatises on various themes, in addition to numerous specimens of first editions, are to be found there, and the list is arranged in a method which makes reference very easy.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons will publish in January the first volume of "The Everyman Encyclopædia," edited by Mr. Andrew Boyle. The full set will consist of twelve volumes, and the last volume will be ready in December, 1913. This encyclopædia will be quite a new production. It will be a practical, comprehensive, and yet condensed work of reference for students and readers of all branches of literature and history, and will form an integral part of "Everyman's Library."

A meeting of the Library Assistants' Association was held at the Association Rooms, Bloomsbury Square, on December 11, when the president, Mr. H. T. Coutts, gave an address in memory of Edward Edwards, the pioneer of the public library movement. Mr. H. G. Sureties, of Hornsey, followed with a suggestive paper, in which he urged all library assistants to join the Association and take part in its good work. The secretary, Mr. W. C. B. Sayers, dealt with the possibilities contained in the subject of staff exchanges, by means of which assistants would be enabled to gain a wider and more thorough knowledge of their duties and of the various methods pertaining thereto.

In view of the success of the first Summer School of Town Planning, held at the Hampstead Garden Suburb, in August last, under the auspices of the University of London, it has been decided to hold a second school next year at the same centre, commencing August 2 and continuing till August 16; during that time lectures and demonstrations on town planning and subjects connected therewith will be given by some of the leading authorities. Particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary of the Summer School, Mr. J. S. Rathbone, The Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb, London, N.W.

The Poetry Society makes the interesting announcement that Mr. Stephen Phillips has become the editor of the *Poetry Review*, and in the January number will deal authoritatively with poetic drama. Mr. Phillips has just finished the revision of his "Sin of David," which Mr. H. B. Irving has taken out to South Africa

before producing it in London next year. Other features of the January *Poetry Review* will be the text of Lord Dunsany's fantasy, "The Gods of the Mountain," and the prologue of a poetic play by Mr. Charles Cayzer. The Poetry Society offers the sum of £10 monthly for the best contemporary poetry, and particular attention will be paid to the development of the use of poetry in education.

A beautiful work, entitled "Gems of Japanese Art and Handicraft," by George Ashdown Audsley, is soon to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd. It contains sixty-four plates, printed in colours and gold, and others in monochrome. The different materials—bronze, porcelain, etc.—are exquisitely represented, and the whole makes an indispensable book of reference for the student of decorative art, as well as for collectors and dealers. There is also to be a limited edition printed on Japanese vellum. The same firm have issued "Eothen" by Kinglake, "The Life of Nelson" by Southey, "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," and "The Revenge" by Raleigh—all illustrated by Mr. Brangwyn. The texts are well edited, and the books very attractively bound.

England's Frenzy

GIBBON in his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," lamented that the age of stirring events had passed, and that the future duty of the historian would be to chronicle the unromantic happenings of an era of universal peace and goodwill amongst mankind. Yet, within a measurable space of time, the world was moved to its depths by the French Revolution of 1789, and Europe resounded to its remotest parts with the clash of the rise and fall of Napoleon.

The eighteenth century had been a period of comparative peace and enlightenment. The most brilliant brains in Europe, satiated with strife, eagerly turned to the pursuits of commerce and art, and pressed along the fascinating paths of science. Philosophers, statesmen, and the ardent well-wishers of mankind did not hesitate to prophesy the advent of the millennium. War, it was urged, was the result of the wicked intrigues of kings and courts, and if only the people could obtain political power, they, as the principal sufferers of disturbance, would take such steps as to make its recurrence an impossibility. The spread of education and the diffusion of knowledge would have the effect of demanding a halt in all things warlike, in favour of the purely pacific.

What is it, then, that has made these sanguine expectations of success result in realised failure? The human race, it is true, is advancing and does not recede; progress, sometimes rapid, more often slow, is ever pursuing her course, and like the waters of some great river in flood, is obliterating the old landmarks and signs in order to create the new. Man, it is urged, is becoming better, more humane, merciful, and generous, less inclined to evil, more disposed to good, as the years roll by. In a word, the philosophical dreams of the ardent, the generous, and the philanthropic are based on the theory of human perfectibility. They maintain that

the tendencies and actions of mankind generally are naturally inclined to good, and but for the adverse environment and conditions ruling amongst nations, these tendencies would triumphantly assert themselves.

The advocates of human perfectibility decline to take into account the inherent quality of the wickedness and deceitfulness of the heart, but stake their all on changes of Government, the spread of education, and the assimilation of knowledge among the races of mankind. They fail to perceive, or if seeing, wilfully close their eyes to the fact that knowledge is not wisdom, and that the unthinking many live but for the fulfilment of their desires for present gratification and pleasure, whilst the thinking few alone take heed for the future. Hence it is that all their efforts for social amelioration are doomed to failure, for their remedies touch only the outer skin of the body politic, and leave the vitals of the patient as they found them.

Once more then, Europe is faced with a crisis in her history that bids fair to outdo in magnitude the Napoleonic struggles of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. How will England acquit herself? Will she issue from the threatened conflict stronger and more united, as in 1815, or will she, at last, be numbered with the fallen greatness of historic Empires, whose whitened bones strew the plains of Europe? We confess to a pessimism as to the answer—more especially when the events of the past few years are called into review.

Let us at once say, before proceeding to explain our fears, we do not for a moment believe that the individual courage and fortitude of our countrymen is any whit the less than in the days of our forefathers, but we are persuaded that these qualities alone, in the light of modern requirements, are insufficient to bear the strain of the nation's coming trial, and without a truly national system of organisation for defence individual gallantry is of little avail.

England and her allies by dint of the self-sacrifice of their people were enabled to limit and eventually overthrow the ambition of Napoleon and to deliver Europe. The fleets of England ruled the seas, and her armies commanded the respect of friend and foe alike. At no time during that memorable struggle was her naval supremacy seriously endangered. Her population, some 16,000,000, was practically self-supporting, and her policy directed by an aristocracy. To-day, we are an overcrowded nation of some 45,000,000, and dependent on sources from overseas for our food supply, for our raw materials, for our trade, and for our staying power. Further, we are governed by a democracy, and in the modern democratic State, unless public opinion is gained and eventually organised into a national system of self-defence, that State invites attack by reason of its weakness. England is threatened with the fact that in any future great war she must meet on the battlefield the highly-trained troops of some hostile Power or group of Powers reinforced by their manhood compulsorily trained to arms.

Europe has long since acknowledged the situation. "Every imaginable preparation" for war is and has been

taken by the statesmen who control her destinies. They realise the magnitude of the forces which will be engaged, and understand the vital necessity of preparation. For it may be said that the nation which is beaten in preparation, has already suffered defeat. England alone, controlled by some fatal blindness, and her people enveloped in a mist of apathy and indifference, declines to adopt this step of national service, heedless of Continental example, and the ominous tendencies of the age. The national habit of solely relying upon the Navy in time of danger hampers not only the adequate defence of these shores, but the protection of our indispensable trade routes. Should disaster overtake us, these islands are faced with certain famine and consequent internal disorder.

Unlike our position in the days of Napoleon, this country has developed into a purely industrial state. Our long immunity from invasion has engendered amongst us the comfortable delusion that war does not concern us either in theory or in practice. Therefore, we refuse to regard it, or the preparations for or against it, as an essential part of our national life and policy. We childishly place our trust in Treaties, Peace Conferences and International Courts of Arbitration. In Treaties that are only considered binding as long as the interests of both contracting parties remain the same. In Peace Conferences and International Courts of Arbitration that have proved the laughing stock of the world. Of what avail have been the Treaties of Paris and Berlin? All history is but a record of torn-up treaties and the subsequent vengeance visited on national unpreparedness and folly. Of what use are the amenities of Peace Conferences and Arbitration Courts to statesmen guided by the axiom of "Clausewitz," that great genius on policy and war, whose teaching forms the political atmosphere of the Continent of Europe that "War is only a continuation of State policy by other means." To discuss academic questions of "The burden of armaments," "the reduction of Naval and Military forces," and "the evils and horror of war," is but to kick vainly against the pricks, to refuse to look facts honestly in the face, and to display an ignorance of modern conditions. European statesmen will not tell us so, but they think so, and underneath the mask of pacific and friendly assurances, consider war an unalterable part of policy. But the people of Great Britain have become solicitous of the welfare of all races on earth, careless of their own. The safety and honour of our vast inheritance is of secondary importance to that of the pleasures and gratification of national ease and trade development.

"To a people," said Edmund Burke, "who have once been proud and great, and great because they were proud, a change in the national spirit is the most terrible of all revolutions." Has this change come to pass? Are the shocks of commercial warfare, the thrilling pursuit of gold, the only fields on which British brains and British grit are to excel? Is Napoleon's untimely gibe, "A Nation of Shopkeepers," to become at last literally true? The future alone holds the answer. G. M. S.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

THE early interruption in the proceedings of the Peace Conference at St. James's Palace need not cause any serious misgivings. It is, of course, out of the question that the Ottoman delegates could have been surprised in being called upon to meet the Greek delegates in common with the representatives of Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, the signatory States to the armistice. Their decision, therefore, to obtain further instructions from Constantinople can only be viewed in the light of a diplomatic ruse aimed at securing one or more of three objects—(1) gaining time, (2) compelling Greece to cease military operations, and (3) creating at the outset an impression of intractability. As the Allies have taken a firm and united stand in upholding the competency of Greece to participate in the Conference, it is altogether inconceivable that Turkey should press a point which, compared with the larger question at issue, is of little importance. An early resumption of the proceedings, therefore, may be confidently expected. We have little doubt that the ultimate outcome will be the conclusion of an honourable peace.

That, however, the course of negotiations will run smooth is altogether too much to hope for. On the contrary, all the indications go to show that there will be not one but several interruptions in the proceedings, and that on the subject of the future ownership of Adrianople an early deadlock is bound to occur. When the inevitable moment comes for the Conference to reach the verge of a breakdown, then we may expect that Sir Edward Grey, the sentiments of whose well-chosen words on the opening day have been re-echoed throughout Europe, will not lose the opportunity of employing his powerful influence in the cause of peace. While the crises that will arise from time to time may cause deep anxiety, it should not be forgotten that both parties are compelled, by reason of the very nature of their task, to employ up to the last stern tactics in order that neither be suspected of an unwillingness to continue the struggle. Consequently, any concessions that may be necessary before an agreement is arrived at will be forthcoming only at the last moment, and, in all probability, after the persuasion of outside influence has smoothed the way for the party disposed to conciliation.

It is, indeed, in this case a foregone conclusion that the darkest hour will come before the dawn. Both sides have entered the Conference chamber feeling confident of the strength of their own position. In spite of rumours of division among the Allies, and their quarrels in the theatre of war itself, they have presented a united front. That circumstance is the most important factor in the proceedings, and must, to no small degree, have disconcerted the Ottoman representatives. In the light of subsequent events we cannot help reflecting that the non-adherence of Greece to the armistice, if not a calculated piece of strategy, cannot have proved altogether disagreeable to her friends. For the maintenance of

the blockade of the Dardanelles and the activities generally of the Greek Navy interfere seriously with Turkish plans for the resumption of the war..

On the other hand, the military position of Turkey at the present moment is far from being hopeless. Adrianople, Scutari, and Janina still hold out, and the force occupying the Chatalja lines is admittedly a formidable one. Then, the military party in Constantinople is gaining the upper hand, so that the Government will find it difficult to accept the terms of the allies and at the same time prevent anarchy at home. Belief in the capacity of the Ottoman arms to recover the situation is based upon evident misconception. The idea that the Allies are disunited can no longer reasonably be entertained, and, were a continuance of the war unfortunately to be decided upon, the Turks would not alone have to face the battle-worn troops of Bulgaria, but also the comparatively fresh forces of her allies. It is nowhere denied that the Chatalja lines are capable of sustaining a prolonged resistance. But tactics purely defensive are bound in the lapse of time to be worn down, and in that case the last state of the Turks would become worse than the first. For even their best friends are not prepared to admit that they are in a position to take the offensive. After all, the faults of the Turkish army cannot be corrected within a few weeks: they are faults in fundamental organisation and training. Whatever progress, therefore, may have been made in assembling a large force at Chatalja, well equipped with food and munitions, a positive advantage lies with the other side. In all the circumstances the optimistic feeling prevalent that peace is within sight would appear to be justified. Meanwhile the Conference of Ambassadors has begun its deliberations at Downing Street, and in regard to the larger international situation, too, the outlook is distinctly hopeful. Austria-Hungary has wisely adopted a waiting policy, and the strain in her relations with Serbia has been eased by the official announcement that Consul Prochaska, who represented his country at Prizrend, has not been imprisoned or even ill-treated. The storm in a tea-cup occasioned by the belief in Austria that he had been the victim of Servian violence having subsided, a settlement of the larger question arising out of the war is anticipated. That Serbia will gain some form of outlet on the Adriatic, under conditions not incompatible with Austria's interests, would now appear to be certain.

MOTORING

A GRATIFYING feature of the International Motor Exhibition now being held in Paris—the largest ever held under any one roof—is the conspicuous part being played in it by British manufacturers. Altogether, there are no fewer than thirty-four separate exhibits of British productions on view in the Grand Palais, seven or eight of them representing a selection of our best-known cars, and the remainder accessories, tyres, etc., of British make. It is particularly interesting to observe, moreover, that many of the foreign car

THE TEST OF SKILL

All the essential qualities of a successful swordsman are required for success in tyre making—long training, fine judgment, exact calculations. All of them are expressed in THE VICTOR TYRE, together with that special knowledge of tyre ingredients, tyre stresses and how to meet them, which sound construction demands.

In the Victor, tyre science and craftsmanship have combined to make it indubitably the best cover on the market. Guaranteed in legal bond for 4,000 miles in its all rubber varieties. The Steel Studded Non-skid won the first round of the tyre trial easily with 5,010 miles. Special sporting discounts during the remainder of the Tyre Trial. American sizes stocked.

TYRE TRIAL Second (grooved) round. **DUNLOP WON.** Last week Victor was announced as fighting it out with Dunlop, having beaten Continental and Michelin. The Test Supervisor subsequently reported that, although Continental collapsed first, Victor and Dunlop had a day's running to make up. An accident, which partially wrecked the Trial car put Victor out before it had made up arrears. Through that accident Victor only succeeded, in the second round, in beating Michelin. It just lost to Continental. Dunlop won.

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manufacturers are using goods of British pattern, notably in the matter of tyres and detachable wire wheels. Either singly or in conjunction, Dunlop tyres and wheels are exhibited by quite forty of the Continental makers, including such prominent firms as Bollee, Brazier, Charron, Clement-Bayard, Gobron, Panhard and Levassor, Renault, Rothschild, Minerva, Delaunay-Belleville, Sizaire and Naudin, Lorraine-Dietrich, and Unic. This is a great compliment to the famous British tyre company, as it is quite certain that the French makers are sufficiently patriotic to choose home-made goods when other things are equal. President Fallières, during his tour of inspection of the Salon, showed especial interest in the grooves in the most popular Dunlop pattern, and was very desirous of knowing what function they fulfilled. He listened with great attentiveness to the explanation that they provided a very valuable safeguard against skidding, the ribs and channels in the tread giving a definite grip on the road surface, and that they rendered the steering and control of the car much easier than is the case with the flat or smooth treads.

Writing of Dunlops is a reminder that they have won the second round of the tyre test which has been in progress during the last two or three months. The section just concluded is that dealing with the grooved rubber types, and Dunlops have come out first with a total mileage of 3,307. Continentals are second with 3,272 miles, Victors third with 3,130, and Michelins last with 1,215 miles only. It will be remembered that the first "round" was a test of steel-studded non-skids, and that the Victor won with the remarkably good mileage of 5,010. Dunlops were second with 4,767 miles, Continentals third with 4,261 miles, and Michelins fourth with 3,799 miles. Honours, therefore, so far, now that two-thirds of the trial are over, rest with Dunlops and Victors. The last section of the test, that of the plain rubber types, has already begun, and the result will determine which of these two makes has shown the best all-round performance in the fairest and most thorough competitive trial of tyres ever conducted.

Owners and prospective owners of cycle-cars will be interested to learn that the Automobile Association and Motor Union has succeeded in obtaining important reductions in the rates of transport of this type of vehicle on the London-Bordeaux service of the General Steam Navigation Company. Hitherto the minimum rate (£4 12s.) has been charged on all motor vehicles weighing under 10 cwt., but in future there is to be a graduated scale of charges, as follows:—up to 6 cwt, £1 15s.; 6 to 8 cwt., £2 15s.; 8 to 10 cwt., £4 1s.; 10 to 15 cwt., £4 12s. To members of the Association still lower rates are to be charged. It is anticipated that these substantial reductions will greatly increase the popularity of this route for the owner of the smaller type of motor vehicle.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the driver and occupants of the car which knocked down and killed a woman near Hammersmith Bridge the other evening will be traced and receive a punishment commensurate

with the dastardly and brutal nature of the offence. The immediate extinction of the electric lights after the accident, for the obvious purpose of preventing the identification of the car, is one of the most disquieting features of the affair, as, of course, a similar method of throwing justice off the scent could be adopted by the driver of any other car equipped with an electrical outfit. From the public point of view this possibility of evading identification constitutes a serious drawback to what is undoubtedly the best all-round method of car illumination. The case in question is one which should be vigorously taken up and investigated by the motoring organisations in their own interests, as nothing could be more calculated to revive and intensify the gradually disappearing prejudice against the car than the permitting of such callousness to be lightly passed over. It is satisfactory to note that the motor Press is fully alive to the importance of bringing the culprits to justice, the *Motor* describing the case as "the worst on record in the annals of motoring."

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE great financiers to-day—like the robber barons of the Middle Ages—make raids, sometimes upon each other, but more often upon the poor and defenceless. They often hunt in combines. For some weeks past we have been watching a great concerted raid upon those who have bought what they cannot pay for. But the obvious taunt comes quickly: Why subject yourself to such raids? Why not pay for your stock? I do not think that we can expect to change our natures. We are greedy and vain. We think we know more than the financier. We wish to be as rich as he is, or appears to be. We never can know more than the man whose whole life has been spent in amassing wealth, who sacrifices the whole of his pleasures to attain one end—money; who is abstemious, cold and cruel; who lives for money alone. That man gets there all the time. These days of semi-panic are his days of harvest. When all is happy he lends his money freely—and cheaply. He urges you to buy. He makes it as easy as possible. But when, lured on by the hope of wealth, and the apparent ease with which it is secured, you go on buying and go on borrowing, the financier suddenly changes his tune. He invents some pretext—gets up some small war. Money grows dear. Loans are withdrawn. The weaker people go under. The slump increases. Richer people go under. And the slump goes on until everybody has been squeezed out of every stock on which they have borrowed any money. We are now watching such a raiding of the poor borrower as we have not seen for many a long day. Not since the famous Morocco scare. It is not over yet, and will not end until all the "bulls" are destroyed. I do not say that the great financiers got up the Balkan war. But I do say that they will come out of it with huge fortunes.

The promoter lies low till the storm has blown over. One or two small Canadian towns have braved the storm. They must have money and they now offer five per cent., which in some cases appears attractive. But

there has been too much borrowing by small Canadian towns, and when the slump comes values will fall still lower than they have fallen already. Each time a town comes into the market it has to pay higher interest. Tillings is an old-established business, and it is offering us some debentures which look attractive to those who speculate in high-yielding risks.

MONEY will not grow any cheaper this side of the New Year. When Austria, a Great Power, cannot borrow a few millions under $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. we can hardly expect cheap money. The French banks have definitely refused to discount the American bills which were to provide the necessary cash. But London and Amsterdam will finance the deal through. The original loan was secured by the Hamburg agents of Kuhn Loeb, and they offered it by cable to their New York house, who jumped at it, and now probably feel sorry that they did. Both Berlin and Vienna are in a tight place, and if they attempt to get gold from here our Bank Rate must be put up. I do not think they will. I do not believe our rate will rise now, unless, of course, the political position alters for the worse in the next few days. This seems improbable.

FOREIGNERS.—The money squeeze is dangerous because of the huge "bull" account that exists in Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. But it does not affect International Government Bonds. Tintos would seem to be over-sold. But they are the gambling counter in Paris, and every speculator in Paris sells Rios just as here they used to sell Consols. We may expect a sharp reaction in the New Year.

HOME RAILS have been dull, but the price holds fairly well, for the traffics are remarkable, and everybody appears willing to believe in higher dividends all next year. The North-Eastern has got over its trouble. The Government Bill for the advance in freight rates will be passed, and at the moment people with money are buying quietly all our leading railway stocks. They are wise, for they will be able to unload in the spring at a considerable profit.

YANKEES have slumped very badly indeed. The "bears" made a big attack on Unions. Kuhn Loeb, who always support this stock, appear to have been too busy financing Austria to take any heed. Perhaps they were not sorry to see the "bears" selling so vigorously. Perhaps they thought it wise to wait. At any rate they made no signs. However, I think the fall has come to an end. At 161 Union are a splendid investment. The nonsense talked about the decision is not worth arguing over. Terror-stricken "bulls" and keen persistent "bears" have vied with each other in the invention of foolish tales. Union Pacific is one of the best railway investments in the United States, and those who buy to-day will make money. But Steels are to be attacked by the new Democrats, and the tariff will be altered. The Trust will be dissolved, and I do not see a good future here. The company can hardly hope to emulate the Standard Oil and actually improve its quotation after the dissolution. The oil trade has built up a marvellous organisation which can never be destroyed. The steel trade changes from year to year.

RUBBER shares do not respond to manipulation. The plain truth is they are all high enough. But as many people want to buy a few rubber shares I again say that Pataling and Cicely are the best. They are doing well. Kuala Selangor has been much boomed. Next year they solemnly swear they will pay 200 per cent. I hope they will. The 2s. share is now 26s., so that if we get 4s. dividend the yield will be attractive. The dividend this year will be 3s. Kuala Lumpur and Edinburgh are also good.

ON.—The Ural meeting did not do much for the market. The fact is this company has been much disappointed in its land. The area is huge, but the costs will be high. The Russian report will soon

be out, but I do not hope for very much. Oil does not pay most companies. Spies' half-yearly report shows that profits have been maintained and that we may expect as good a dividend this year as last. The trouble has been that the Western Plots have failed owing to water troubles. The production does not increase though the price of oil is now 40 copecks, and the company must be agonised to see such a fabulous price and not be able to gather the golden harvest. It is strange that not one of the companies now on the English market can increase its production. I hear bad news of the British Burmah. They say that the report will be very bad. It is a hopeless concern.

MINES.—The Ferreira Deep figures are not good. This company has taken Ferreira over to oblige Wernher Beit and Co., but it has gained nothing by so doing. The shares should be sold. The event of the week has been the Oceana meeting, at which Scott Lings came out triumphant over Conybeare. He was well backed by Herbert Smith, one of the ablest men in the City. I was sorry for Conybeare, who had a good case and muddled it. Herbert Smith admitted that the Bend Co. was Oceana under another name, and that the acts of the directors had been *ultra vires*. But what carried the meeting was the complete vindication of the acts of the Board in regard to the Piccadilly Hotel. Here they made no mistakes but ran dead straight. The underwriting still remains semi-opaque, the Zed a deep darkness into which no one penetrated. May be there was nothing to discover.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi circular was like most of their circulars—unconvincing. The Telephone market has been depressed by a "bear" raid and mad "bulls" selling. I hear that the verdict will be more favourable than people imagine. The British American Tobacco report was good as far as figures went, but bad as regards dividend. The Prefs. are, however, worth holding. The Orient report was excellent. This splendid line is doing well.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Perhaps the time is not far distant when anybody who pretends that William Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Macbeth" will be classified among the illiterate. But, *en attendant*, there are some points which those who will dwell in darkness would like to see elucidated. First of all, we should like to know how Shakespeare can be stamped as a swindler without accusing Ben Jonson, George Peele, Robert Greene, Drayton, Nash, Ned Alleyn—to say nothing of other contemporaries of the Stratford bard—of being accessory to Bacon's deceit. We all love old Ben, and would not like to think that he had been bribed by the great Chancellor to write the noble panegyric on his friend's death. But we must either look upon all these men as cheats, or else as people incapable of distinguishing between a genius and an idiot. *Tertium non datur*. It appears that at the Windmill, in St. George's Fields, Shakespeare, Marlow, Ben Jonson, Alleyn, Drayton, and Peele used to meet to "smoke their pipes—and quaff their 'canary.'" The famous Globe Tavern is mentioned by George Peele in the following letter:—

"Friend Marle,—I must desyr that my syster, hyr watch, and the cookerie booke you promised may be sent by the man. I never longed for thy company more than last night. We were all very merrye at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affirm pleasantly to thy friend Will that he had stolen his speech about the qualities of an actor's excellency in 'Hamlet,' hys tragedye, from conversations manyfold whych passed be-

tween them, and opinions given by Alleyne touching the subject. Shakespeare did not take this talk in good sorte, but Jonson put an end to the stryfe by wittilye remarking: 'This affaire needeth no contentione; you stole it from Ned, no doubt: do not marvel: have you not seen him act tymes out of number?'—Believe me, etc.,
G. PEELE."

Now, how do the Baconians explain away this contemporary testimony as to Shakespeare being Shakespeare? If the author of the "Novum Organum" accepted bribes himself, it is no reason why he should bribe others in order that things might be concealed which, had they become known, could not but have added to his fame.—Yours faithfully,

(Prof.) ROBERT H. HOAR.

St. Gallen, December 10, 1912.

LOUIS XVII AND OTHER PAPERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your reviewer, on the question of Louis XVII, puts the case from the Orleanist point of view in a most convincing manner. While writing the biography of Spencer Perceval I came upon material connected with the evasion, notably the letter of Mr. Atkins, 1807, and Queen Caroline's letter of 1814. None of the French authorities quoted by "Le Petit Homme Rouge" refer to inconvenient evidence of this kind. He omits to explain why the Dutch Government accepted Naundorff as Louis XVII, and avoids reference to such details as the advocacy of Jules Favre, and the Berlin passport.

He overlooks the support of St. Hilaire, Morel de St. Didier, the Duc de Berri, the Comtesse de Forbin-Janson, the Percevals, and many others, who befriended Naundorff.

Werg's identity with the case is much on a par with the mysterious Jew fished up by Anatole France, which the latter asserted to be Naundorff, born in what France described as Postdam (sic). I feel more inclined to rely on contemporary evidence connected with Louis XVII than the suppositions of modern journalists, and the theories of M. Turquand—whom, by the way, your reviewer omits to mention in his formidable list of the opponents of Naundorff of the up-to-date type. Yours obediently,

PHILIP TREHERNE.

The Corner, Thursley, Godalming.

December 9.

"TACITÆ" AND "SILENTIA" IN ÆNEID II, 255.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Once more I am obliged to differ from Mr. Dodgson. I do not agree that the "extulerat" clause precedes in sense the "ibat" clause, and I have Conington on my side. Let me cite his note, or parts of it: "'Extulerat' is rightly understood by Forb of instantaneous action. . . To understand the words to mean 'after the signal for moving had been given to the fleet,' which is the view of most other commentators, would require, I think, according to the usage of Vergil, 'postquam' or 'ut extulerat.'" Mr. A. J. Butler, of Brasenose, clearly following this view, in my hearing translated the words thus: "And already the fleet was on its way from Tenedos, when the royal vessal suddenly shot forth the signal flame." Now, if Mr. Dodgson remains unconvinced, I have nothing more to say, except to apologise to your readers for the technicalities of this note. I am content to err—if I err—with Conington and Mr. Butler. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Farnham, Dec. 14.

H. C. MINCHIN.

RELATIVES AND INTERROGATIVES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The extracts quoted by Mr. Adolphe Bernon form a very interesting analysis of the syntactical use of the relative and interrogative pronouns in English. My

question, however, was of a more general character than this, and was concerned with the underlying logical connection which may be supposed to exist between these two classes of pronouns in any language.

That there is a relationship may, I think, be illustrated thus:—

Interrogative (direct): "What" do you want?

Interrogative (indirect): Tell me "what" you want.

Relative: Tell me that "which" you want.

So again:—

Interrogative (direct): "Who" are you?

Interrogative (indirect): Tell me "who" you are.

Relative: Describe to me the individual "who" [you say] you are.

The use of the demonstrative "that" as a relative is not the least of the peculiarities which complicate our simple English grammar.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

QUIS.

Hampstead, Dec. 8, 1912.

SIR HENRY HOWORTH'S CONSTITUENCY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—A Liberal contemporary, in a recent issue, speaks of Sir Henry Howorth as "one of the most distinguished members of the House of Commons that Manchester has sent to Parliament." That is, however, not correct, as Sir Henry Howorth never was member for a Manchester constituency, but represented South Salford as a Unionist from 1886 to 1900.—Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead,
London, N.W.

December 6, 1912.

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Doreen Coasting. With some Account of the Places she Saw and the People she Encountered. Edited by Alys Lowth. Illustrated. (Longmans, Green and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

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